



A HISTORY OF THE

# MORRIS FAMILY

FOR

FOR KAREN, CLIFF AND SHARON  
AND THE GRANDCHILDREN

BY

GREAT-GRANDSON, GRANDSON, SON,  
FATHER, AND GRANDFATHER  
DON MORRIS

**DON M. MORRIS Ed.D.**  
2251 Shell Beach Road #12  
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805-773-1672

August 29, 1995

Dear Karen, Cliff, and Sharon:

Attached is the Morris Family History.

In it is a Family Tree that was started by my Aunt Pearl some 50 years ago. She was a second grade teacher in Carlinville, Illinois and raised a wonderful family. You may remember we met her when we were coming back from my Navy duty at Annapolis, Maryland. She was the one who showed us the family cemetery on the Morris family farm and pointed out that when she died she already had a tombstone and would be buried next to her husband Fred.

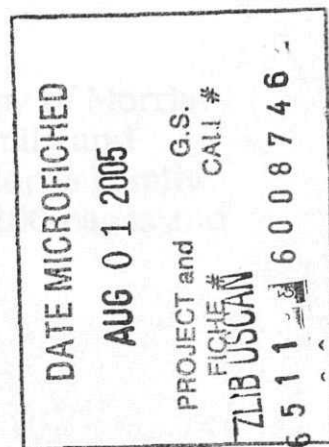
Some interesting ideas practically jump off the Family Tree of the Morris ancestors.

1. Since about 1824, when Charles and Maria Morris were born and then migrated to the United States from England, you kids make the fourth generation that was born in America and your children are the 5th generation of Americans.
2. From this start of two people in the early 1800's over 101 descendants have been born, including your generation. It's possible that your generation could have another 100 children.
3. Thirteen of your ancestors either died early or did not get married.
4. It looks like they named each succeeding generation with previous names, but with current generations, many new first names were used rather than descendants' names.

I hope you find this genealogy study of our ancestors and Clan interesting, and that you will make sure that your children know where their forefathers came from.

Love to all of you and your husbands and children.

*Don*  
Don Morris



*Family Hist  
929.273  
M 831mdm*

CC. Morris Kessinger, Betty Love (Kessinger) Easley, with copy of Morris Family History. Please share with other members of your family and thanks for your help in putting this together. Between the Morris Family History and the Daley Family History Books it came to over 200 pages and I could still have done much more work on this project.



# MORRIS FAMILY ANCESTORS

## GENERATION ONE

### CHARLES MORRIS

b. 8/8/1824, Yorkshire, England.  
Immigrated about 1850 with wife,  
Maria. Son William Morris was born  
in Bristol, England. They came to  
Jacksonville, Ill. where they  
both worked for \$15.00 a month.  
In 1871 Charles and Maria bought  
320 acres for \$7,800.00.  
d. December 7, 1886

### Maria ( ) Morris

b. August 8, 1824 Yorkshire, England  
Immigrated with husband, Charles,  
from Yorkshire, England and arrived  
in U.S. with \$5.00.  
d. March 2, 1905



## GENERATION TWO

William Morris

b. 1852 Bristol, England

d. 1887,

m. Lottie yard

b. Bristol, England. *GLoucester*

Hattie Morris

b. 1863 d. 1906

Thomas Pierson

b. 1863 d. 1950

Sarah Morris

b. 1865 d. 1902

Harry Bown

b. 1860 d. 1906

George Morris

b. 1860

m. Maria S. Borman Sept. 21, 1892.

d. 1937

Note: In 1883 George and Maria erected all the buildings on the Morris Family Farm property

Maria S. (Borman) Morris

b. September 1, 1873 in Reid, Germany or across the Weser river in Bremen, Germany. Immigrated with her parents (Frank and Wilhelmina Grau Borman) to U.S. at around 1885 at 12 years, and was one of 11 children. (Two boys Willie and Freddie died in Germany, then the family immigrated to avoid Kaiser's army drafting other son). They came to home of John Borman who was married to Wilhelmina's sister. Eldest son saved from the draft was Herman who died of bad water (typhoid fever) soon after arrival in Illinois.

m. September 21, 1892.

d. June 22, 1955, buried in Mayfield Memorial Park Cemetery in Carlinville, Ill.

Mary Ann Morris

b. 1858 d. 1875

## GENERATION THREE

Charles Nelson Morris

b. 1898 Carlinville, Ill.

d. 1977, *DECEMBER 31*

George William Morris

b. July 14, 1896 Carlinville, Ill.

m. 8-4-1920 Sarah Elizabeth Daley

d. January 23, 1963 La Verne, Calif.

Sarah Elizabeth Daley

b. July 14, 1898 Carlinville, Ill.

m. George William Morris

d. November 24, 1994 Arroyo Grande, Calif.

Harriet Pearl (Morris) Kessinger

b. May 11, 1894 Carlinville, Ill.

d. *JAN. 17, 1987*

Charles Fred Kessinger

b. October 18, 1892

d. October 16, 1961

Lester Edward Morris

b.

d. August 11, 1981

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(Melvina Lake)

## GENERATION FOUR

George Daley "Dinty" Morris  
b. May 30, 1921. Carlinville, Ill.  
d. July 15, 1962, La Verne, Ca.

Don Monte Morris  
b. 3/13/30 Hollywood, Ca.  
m. 7-6-54, to Jean I. Maughmer in San  
Luis Obispo. Ca.

Jean Iris (Maughmer) Morris  
b. June 1, 1930, San Luis Obispo, Ca.  
m. July 6, 1954, to Don M. Morris in San  
Luis Obispo, Ca.

Lois Gertrude (Baur) Kessinger  
1915-1933

Morris Wilfred Kessinger  
(Gertrude Baur)  
Now have one child and two grandchildren

Betty Love Kessinger  
(Vernon Orval Easley)  
Three children

James Nelson Kessinger  
(Mary Ellen Jewell)  
Six children

John Robert Kessinger  
(Sally Louis Gill)  
Five children

Shirley Marie Kessinger  
(Albert L. Willis)  
Three children



## GENERATION FIVE

Karen Elizabeth (Morris) Belick

b. 10-23-55, Lakehurst, N.J.  
m. 7-22-87, to Stephen Belick at  
Fern Grotto, Kauai, Hawaii

Stephen Andrew Belick

b. 10-28-56, San Jose, Ca.  
m. 7-22-87, Karen Morris at Fern Grotto,  
Kauai, Hawaii

Cliff Michael Morris

b. 3-9-57, San Luis Obispo, Ca.

Sharon Marie (Morris) Ashley

b. 6-11-62, San Luis Obispo, Ca.  
m. 9-14-87, Mark A. Ashley on Barbados  
Island in the Caribbean

Mark Jackson Ashley

b. 7-16-50, Birmingham, Ala.  
m. 9-14-87, Sharon Morris on Barbados  
Island in the Caribbean

AND OTHERS FROM THE KESSINGER FAMILIES WHO ARE  
NOT DETAILED HERE BUT WHOSE FAMILIES MAY WISH  
TO FURTHER DEVELOP THEIR OWN HISTORIES.

## GENERATION SIX

Miles Morris Belick

b. 11-29-88, Santa Cruz, Ca.

Toni Danica Belick

b. 8-4-90, Santa Cruz, Ca.

Sarah Elizabeth Ashley

b. 2-28-89, San Luis Obispo, Ca.

Katherine Hays Ashley

b. 1-27-94, South Lake Tahoe, Ca.

Rachel Eleanor Ashley

b. 2-17-95, South Lake Tahoe, Ca.

## MORRIS FAMILY INTRODUCTION-PREFACE

April 10, 1994

It is apparent that my parents generation is the era of the Great Depression and it effected everything I did as a child and probably as they did as adults. There may be other factors that influenced our lives but the great Depression and to a lesser extent the transportation, scientific, computer and micro-chip innovations changed their lives and mine.

My mom and dad, easily traversed lifetimes that saw at least as much astonishing change as any generation since mankind began. The changes ranged from horse-drawn carriages to jet air travel, from stately paced, pre-telephone communications by written letter to communication by car phone, fax or modem. My mom and dad were remarkably able to accommodate these kinds of rapid technological changes. It didn't ever seem to faze them. They absorbed the developing bounty without a peep and quickly came to depend on it, even though, it collapsed all their accustomed notions of time and distance and totally transformed there lives. They lived through a life time that was exceptional, as my generation has and as your generation will.

This review of the Morris Family History is respectfully done in honor and in proud memory of George William Morris and Sarah Elizabeth (Daley) Morris who were the best loving parents and role models that a young son could have.

The document is dedicated to my fine children (Karen Elizabeth, Cliff Michael, and Sharon Marie) and my wonderful grandchildren, Miles Morris, Toni Danica, Sarah Elizabeth, Katherine Hayes and Rach<sup>el</sup> Eleanor. It is hoped it will give them a brief glimpse of the 130 year history of this side of their family tree.

Although I was able to trace back five generations with help from other family members, it stops at the shore of the United states when our forefathers (and Mother's) immigrated to America. When Jean and I traveled in Germany, England and Ireland, I made some attempts to find our European roots, but so far my research has come to a dead end. Perhaps some day I or you will trace the family across the Atlantic and into the villages and towns of Germany, England and Ireland. If you find it



this document incomplete, or short on specifics please, feel free to add new material or research other sources, and develop an addendum.

In trying to get an overview of the family history it was interesting to note that since the Morris families came to the United States in the early 1850s, the original two parents have grown in just five generations (1824 to the 1950s) to over 104 descendants and the next generation could double that figure again. Of the males that carried the family name they tend to be physically gifted and 6 out of 19 did not get married or have children. Thus there are only three married male children in the next generation that carry the Morris name. There may be some reason why so many bachelors developed in this family tree but it is not apparent.

I would be remiss if I did not recognize Aunt Harriet Pearl (Morris) Kessinger and her sons Morris Wilfred Kessinger and James Nelson Kessinger and daughter Betty Love (Kessinger) Easley for their interest and effort in finding Illinois resources that helped in putting the Morris side of the family tree together.

As my generation grows older, this is probably the last chance to draw on the memories of those who actually knew and had personal knowledge of the generation of my grandfathers and grandmothers. There have been many phone calls and letters that have helped put this Family History together. It is interesting that the one theme that follows throughout is "I wish we had paid more attention when Mom and Dad tried to tell us of their lives and of our family history, now it is too late".

John Quincy Adams said "Think of your forefathers! Think of your posterity!" and that is the sum purpose of this Morris/Daley Family historical research.

Bless all the Children

Love,

Don Morris

## GEORGE WILLIAM MORRIS

(SEPTEMBER 6, 1896 TO JANUARY 20, 1963)

The following was written by my mom Sarah (Daley) Morris  
around 1966  
and by his son Don in 1995

George William Morris was born September 6, 1896 in Carlinville, Illinois. He lived on the family farm and attended Carlinville High School where he was the Captain of the 1914 undefeated football team and he was a four year letterman in basketball and track. George Morris was one of the first men in the state of Illinois to run the 100 yard dash in 10 seconds flat, which he accomplished in 1914.

George Morris married Sarah Elizabeth Daley on August 4, 1920 in Carlinville, Illinois. George "Dinty" Morris was born in 1921 on the Morris farm in Carlinville. In 1922 the Morris family traveled by Model-T Ford along with two couples from Carlinville -- Martha and Hurley Fite and Aldle and Emma Harkey. The trip took 21 days to reach San Francisco, California.

After a short time in Northern California where George Morris was employed as a Standard Oil Company roustabout in the oil fields, they moved to Los Angeles, California where George was again associated with Standard Oil Company.

On March 13, 1930, a son, Don Monte Morris, was born in Hollywood, California.

George Morris was a veteran of World War I and served from 1918 to 1920. He enlisted in the United States Army in Chicago, Illinois, as soon as the first word was heard about a declaration of war. He received a Presidential Citation upon his death from President John F. Kennedy. In later years he owned and operated the Old Corral Restaurant in La Verne, California. After 17 years he retired from operating the restaurant. One day after retirement he passed away from a heart attack.

As a mark of his patriotism, after the broadcast on the attack on Pearl Harbor, George Morris was the first volunteer in Southern California to sign up for the Civil Defense Warden responsibility. This was after he tried to enlist in the US Army and he found out that he was beyond the age of enlistment for the Armed Forces.

## SON DON MORRIS REMEMBERS HIS DAD

Some of my fondest childhood memories were of my Dad. Here are a few stories about him.

My Dad was going to help me learn how to Drive and after awhile he let me back the car out of the Drive way when I was about 11 years old. We had a Shift car (I don't think there was any other kind in 1941) and my foot slipped off the clutch as I added power to back the car up. We shot backward and rammed into the side of a brand new Buick that was driving by the house. My Dad just got out of the car, talked to the other driver and exchanged information. He got back in the car, smiled and said to take it a little easier in the future.

My Dad only spanked me once and that was when I was a smart mouth teenager. My Mom was in the Hospital having a Hysterectomy which was a very serious operation in 1946. For some reason I stated giving my Dad a lot of lip and he spanked me. (Very memorable and humiliating for a 16 year old, know it all) I realize now that he was under a tremendous amount of pressure, not only because of my Mom but because he was trying to make the Rock House Restaurant a self supporting enterprise.

I guess I was the typical dyed-blond hair, selfish, immature, know-it-all, 16 year old and my Dad had enough of my attitude. In retrospect it was probably a major turning point in my (at that time) egotistical life. When I was younger my Dad only had to hold out his huge hand and say "Monte" and that was enough to get me to behaved my self.

I remember working with my Dad and Mom at all the race tracks when I was about 14 years old. We had some great times and I still remember my Dad letting me drive the car from San Diego to Del Mar Race Track. It was a memorable moment with the window down and the wind whistling as I drove the freeway and over the hills at 40 mile an hour.

I always gave my Dad special credit as he let me shave him with a safety razor when I was about 8 or 9 years old. He was letting me practice on him so I could shave myself when that day came. The blood was oozing from several cuts and he still complemented me and let me shave him several more times over the years of my youth.

I remember my Mom being especially proud of my Dad one day when he worked for the Kulb Bakery in Los Angeles (Probably around 1938 when he was 44 years old). She had taken his lunch over to him and while she was there several of the men challenged him to a lunch time basketball game. According to my Mom, Dad completely dominated the game and the young men were very surprised that this old man could still play the game against much younger men.



When I was very small, around 3rd grade, and just new to another elementary school four kids about my age jumped me and made me cry and run home. I knew my Dad would kick their butts and through my tears I told him what had happened. He sent me in to wash my face, and then he gave me some good advice. He told me he did not want to interfere and for me to go to each of those kids house and call them out to the front yard. I did that one at a time and they all did not want to fight and instead became some of my best friends.

My Dad told this story about his youth. When he was around 18 years old it was the custom to go to a town near Carlinville that had gambling and other sins. The farm kids, like my Dad, would take off their coats and drag them in the dusty main street of the town. If any one stepped on your coat it meant you had to fist-fight that person.

As I look back on what I have written it shows the difference between the early 1900 and today. If you did some of these things today you would probably end up dead.

All my life I have been extremely proud of my Dad, I saw him as a gentle giant, an entrepreneur, a gentleman, a great mind for math, honest, extremely personable, a gambler, a man who was always looking and moving to new opportunities, he was self-confident, and backed up what he said and I always wanted to make him proud of me, and he was. And even now, 30 years after his death, I want him to be proud of me.

George William Morris (1896-1963) was about 5'10" tall and weighed about 180 lbs., was a well known athlete in the town of Carlinville and was the Captain of the 1914 football team that won the county championship. He was the running back on the team and he was one of the first athletes in Illinois to run the 100 yard dash in 10 seconds. He was also the Captain of the basketball team. A family heirloom is the silver trophy that is kept by son Don Morris. In 1917 George joined the U.S. Army as soon as the United States declared war, and was stationed in Savannah, Georgia, until the end of WW I. He was the first and only member of his and his parents' generation to leave the Carlinville area. This new view of the world outside the confines of Macoupin County was to have a profound effect on the future of the George W. Morris family. After the attack on Pearl Harbor, George Morris tried to enlist in the U.S. Army, but when he found out that he was beyond the age of enlistment he was the first volunteer in Southern California to sign up for Civil Defense Warden responsibility.

After their marriage in 1919 George and Sarah moved to the Morris farm which was located 7 miles from Carlinville, Illinois. Sarah was not used to the farm life, but the Morris family let the newlyweds live in a two bedroom house on the family farm. Grandma Marie Morris( 1873-1955) baked bread for her family and the newlyweds. This went on for several months until Grandma decided Sarah should make her own bread. This was quite a shock to the city girl who had not made any bread before. After living in the town all her life, Sarah found the farm life very hard. She needed to dig her own potatoes, kill her own chickens, had no electricity, nor running water, and no indoor plumbing. The glamour of California also influenced George Morris, who had been in the Army during WW I. and had seen a way of life different from hard life on the farm. There was a way to overcome these problems and that was to go to California. One night some friends and George and Sarah talked about traveling by car to the Golden State. Three couples decided to drive across the country in two Chevrolets. My mom had just had her first baby, George Daley Morris (nicknamed Dinty by Grandpa Daley as a remembrance of a comic strip character of that time). Due to bad and no roads, tire blowouts and automobile breakdowns, it turned out to be a 21 day trip . Dinty's diapers were hung out the car windows to dry. The convoy of two cars arrived in San Francisco and George was hired as a laborer for Standard Oil in Richmond, California. Mom took care of the baby.

Two years later Dad wanted to move to Southern California and he got a job at Standard Oil in Los Angeles. Mom got a job with the telephone company as an operator in Los Angeles. Around 1930 the family was located in Long Beach. This was during the Great Depression and Dad fortunately had a job as a milk delivery man. All of the Morris and Daley family assets were unfortunately tied up in the banks and were not available due to the huge number of bank failures during the depression.

Louis P. Daley (1868-1921) helped the Morris family of three buy a house on Laurel Avenue in Hollywood, where Don Monte Morris was born at a small hospital on Sunset Blvd. on March 13, 1930. George was a milk delivery man, and this job required the family to move to Santa Barbara for about two years and rent the Hollywood house.

In order to keep his family fed during the depression, George had many jobs from 1930 to the end of the depression, including, used car salesman, donut shop owner, grocery store owner in Glendale, fruitstand owner in Culver City, delivery man for Kolbs Bakery, a horse racetrack usher at all southern California horse races, construction laborer at Hoover Dam and Camp San Luis Obispo.

During that same time Sarah Morris worked for the telephone Company, was then in charge of a Kolbs Bakery outlet in a grocery store in Hollywood, and during WW II her most well remembered job was as a riveter inside the planes at Douglas Aircraft Company in Santa Monica, California. Sarah was small enough to get into the bombers tight spaces and was in high demand because of her size and skill. This was during WW II and was one of the highest paying jobs available to women.

As remembered by Sarah D. Morris, George D. (Dinty) Morris (1921-1962) had a happy childhood and was a long jumper on his high school team (over 21 feet). He was a fur animal trapper along the Burbank River and was a student of herbivores and snakes and spiders. During WW II he volunteered into the Army Air Force and served as a Staff Sergeant and tail gunner and waist gunner in the 8th Air Force in Africa and Europe. Many history buffs consider this group of men to be the bravest warriors of all time. As the B-24 Liberator Bombers took off to strike deeply into Germany the crews knew that on the early raids only 40 to 60 percent of the planes



would return. If a crew member went on the 25 raids that were required for them to be rotated back to the states, the odds of survival were very thin. Yet time after time Sgt. Morris and the rest of the crew would do their duty and not give excuses. George D. Morris was wounded on two different missions and was awarded two Purple Hearts for his wounds and other medals for conspicuous gallantry. On his 11th flight his plane was shot up over Germany and made it home to crash land at their home field in England. Sgt. Morris' scalp was peeled back from the skull and his skull was badly damaged. Because he was not expected to live he was the last crew member taken from the wreckage. The doctors were able to save his life and for the rest of his life he had a steel plate in his skull. Dinty was able to live with this infliction, but it caused him to have tremendous headaches and blackouts. Today, his whole dangerous, tension filled time in the bombing raids would be classified as the highest form of combat trauma.(the effects of this battle field trauma was not fully recognized by the field of Psychiatry until the vets of Viet Nam returned home and Dinty's suffering was named post-traumatic stress) When Sgt. Morris partially recovered from his wounds he was transferred to stateside hospitals where he spent about two years recovering physically and psychologically. Upon release he came home to his parents' house where all of us tried to help him forget his heroic but harrowing experiences. In spite of his injuries and the problems his crushed skull caused, George D. attended the University of Arizona and earned his degree in Archeology and Herpetology. He again returned to live with his parents and collected desert poison snakes and lizards and spiders for zoos and collectors. During this time he discovered a new species of trapdoor spider which was named after him.

George W. Morris Sr. was always ready to see new sights and in 1945 the Morris family moved from Santa Monica and was on the way to Las Vegas when George saw a rock house near Claremont, California on Foothill Blvd. After a brief discussion, the building was leased and converted to the Rock House Restaurant. The Morris family moved into the back of the building and had a good restaurant business in the front. During this time Sarah had a serious hysterectomy operation. Many of the restaurant customers came from Claremont College. In 1948 a new restaurant opportunity became available on Foothill near LaVerne, California. Dad raised money to buy the new restaurant called the Old Corral by selling his inheritance in the Morris farm in Illinois. The new restaurant served Mexican food with Sarah as the cook and employee supervisor, and George as the

greeter and in charge of the money. Tony, a Mexican cook, brought in many of the recipes and was a key person in the success of the business. The Morrisses soon branched out into buying Mexican art and objects in Mexico and selling the items in the restaurant.

About this time George D. Morris, as a result of the psychological and physical effects of his skull damage and of his nightmares of war that robbed him of his peace, died. Dinty never really left the skies over Germany. George D. Morris is now resting at the Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery in San Diego. He finally found the peace that eluded him since WW II.

Soon after Dinty's death, George William Morris had his first heart attack. In 1963, four years later, during the retirement sale of the restaurant equipment and merchandise, George had his final heart attack. He died just after the sale of the antique mustache cup collection. (George was a heavy smoker and this may have attributed to his failing heart). George W. Morris is also buried at the Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery in San Diego. An additional site has been reserved beside George for Sarah D. Morris. (And now my mother rests there).

Sarah eventually sold the restaurant property and moved to Leisure World, Seal Beach, California, where she lived for about 33 years. During her time at Leisure World she took a Mediterranean cruise and a tour, seeing much of Europe. Sarah also gave up smoking after 64 years of two packs a day. She went to school and earned her Licensed Vocational Nurse care giver license, and then became a helper of older people in Leisure World. She went on many trips with her son's family, including Navy active duty trips that took them to Annapolis, Maryland, Middleton, Tennessee, Coronado Island, California, San Francisco, Ca., Mexico, Catalina Island, Ca., and other destinations. Sarah was a key factor as the children were growing up, and she was very important in the kids' lives, as they have named some of their children after Sarah Pat Elizabeth Patrica Daley Morris.

In 1989 when Pat was 92 she sold her place in Leisure World and moved to Shell Beach with her son Don and daughter in law Jean, where she had her own downstairs living area in our home. She still keeps in touch with her numerous friends and relations by phoning and sending letters. (My mother died on Thanksgiving morning of 1994, about three months after completing this family history).

ADDITIONAL FAMILY HISTORY  
OF  
DALEY FAMILY  
BY  
SARAH ELIZABETH (DALEY) MORRIS  
AS TOLD TO  
DON MONTE MORRIS (SON)  
DECEMBER 15, 1993

This history is dedicated to the children and grandchildren of Jean Iris (Maughmer) Morris and Don Monte Morris. It is hoped that Karen Elizabeth (Morris) Belick, Cliff Michael Morris, Sharon Marie (Morris) Ashley and their husbands Stephen Belick, and Mark Ashley and our grandchildren Miles Morris Belick, Toni Danica Belick, Sarah Elizabeth Ashley, and Katherine Hays Ashley, and Rachel Eleanor Ashley will be able to look back in time and realize that we love them and all the generations to follow. We hope this will give a sense of the history of the family and the pride we feel in our forbearers.

With Jean's, O'connor and Maughmer family trees, (having already been documented), this volume should complete a view of the roots of the Morris/Maughmer family tree for those generations of the future. Perhaps it will give insights into the genetics of the family and give some guidance to today's children.

The following information was given to me by my mother Sarah Elizabeth (Daley) Morris in numerous conversations over a 15 year period. It reflects her remembrances of both her and my father's families.

**MORE DALEY STORY THAT MY MOM TOLD ME**

My Mom, Pat (Daley) Morris, told me a story about the life of her brother Harry C. Daley that I forgot to put in the "Daley Family History".

**Here it is**

You may remember that the Daley Family was very wealthy for the little town of Carlinville, Ill. and that is the crux of the story my Mom told me. When her brother Harry was in his teens (Around 1909) there was an older man in town that was a known bully and he used to pick on Harry every time he saw him in town. From what my mom said Harry took some beatings but the Daley father, who would be mayor of the town, would not interfere and told Harry to settle it himself.



From that day forward Harry went out of his way to find this bully and fought him several times in the town square. Each time they were arrested and had to pay bail to get out of jail.

After several fights the bully could not afford the cost of these encounters and tried to avoid Harry, but Harry searched him out and took his beating. Finally the bully was forced to leave town as he could no longer afford the fines. According to my Mom Harry never won any of the fights but he eventually won the Battle. My Mom attributed this stubbornness to the Daley Family Irish blood and she was quite proud of her brother, being Irish and of this page of the Daley History.

### HENRY DALEY (1825-1906)

Although my mother Sarah Elizabeth Pat (Daley) Morris was only 8 years old, she remembers her Grandfather Henry as the man who financed many of the buildings of the town square in Carlinville, Illinois. She remembers riding her pony into one of the Daley stores on the main square and her Grandfather Henry forgiving this indiscretion. She remembers that Henry Daley and his wife Catherine (Purcell) Daley emigrated to this country from Ireland and settled in Pennsylvania in the year of 1849 and moved to Macoupin County, Illinois in 1852.

As with many Irish immigrants, Mr. Daley found employment with the Chicago and Alto Railroad as a section hand. In those days there was no machinery to use for making embankment and elevations, and the section men were obligated to use wheelbarrows to move the dirt. This was very hard labor, and to wheel the dirt up hill for embankments was the job of Henry Daley. Wages were very low at this time but he managed to save enough money to start a grocery store on the west side of the square in Carlinville, in a small wooden building, and business grew and Mr. Daley became a very successful citizen.

General stores in that time were a combination of groceries, hardware, farm supplies and liquor. There was no license for store supplies and not much cash, so much of the business was by the "trade and barter" system.

A famous story told to me by my mother about the honesty of Henry Daley is that while Mr. Henry Daley was in the grocery business it was quite customary for customers to bring money to him for deposit in his safe. After a certain amount of time and money accumulation, Mr. Daley would make a trip to Saint Louis, Missouri, to the Mississippi Valley Trust Company and deposit the money for the people of Carlinville. There was considerable cattle trading and much money accumulated in the community, but no proper banking system to care for it. When the request

was made for the return of the money, Mr. Daley would again bring it to the rightful party. But in the year 1864-1865 there came about a most unfortunate happening. As Mr. Daley was ready to go to the railroad station with \$10,000.00 dollars cash for his customers, a customer asked for some meat and groceries to take home. There being nobody else to wait on the customer, Mr. Daley took off his heavy overcoat and threw it across his desk to serve his customer, but he did not see a stranger nearby, who helped himself to the "bundle" of money and made his get away before Mr. Daley knew it had been removed from his coat pocket. It naturally caused a great deal of excitement in the whole town and Mr. Daley told all the men who had left the money in his care to be quiet and patient with him, and he would personally pay each and every man back his money according to the receipt held. This he did and this is nearly one hundred years hence, but the tale is still alive in the city of Carlinville. As told to Don Morris by Great Grand Daughter Sarah "Pat" (Daley) Morris and Anna (Woodman) Daley.

2. Another story told in the family was the story of one of my mother's siblings (HARRY AGAIN) getting a \$100.00 dollar bill. This was a tremendous amount of money at the beginning of the 19th century and especially in the small town of Carlinville. This brother would go to a merchant and order some service like three ice-cream cones. He would then pull out the hundred and time after time the merchant could not break the one hundred dollar bill, so they would put it on credit. The story goes that he had run up bills all over town, and finally the merchants got tired of extending so much credit, so they got together and pooled their money. The next time the \$100.00 bill was offered for payment the merchant was able to make the change and break the bill. Harry was then obligated to go around and settle up all of his debts. As told to Don Morris by his mother Sarah "Pat" (Daley) Morris.

#### SARAH (DALEY) MORRIS (1898-1994)

3. My mom remembers getting a monkey from a circus for Xmas when she was very young from her father Louis Daley. One of her favorite stories was when she was very young and on Xmas day the whole family had been to Catholic Church and were pulling a sled with Don Daley on it (Don was stricken with Polio when he was a child). When they got home they let my mom go in first and under the Xmas tree was a beautiful pony for her. She remembers that her mother was not too happy about the pony being in the house. (As told to Don Morris by his mother).

## MORE STORIES ABOUT MY MOM-SARAH (DALEY) MORRIS

One of my children wanted me to tell a couple of stories about my mom that were not in the original "Daley Family History" book that was distributed in January 1995.

- One story that was previously told in the Daley History is about my Mom riding the horse into the store in Carlinville, Illinois. Billy (Daley) Henry who was my Mom's niece and is about 18 years younger said that the real story is that my Mom rode the horse into the store on a dare, from another girl. Once my Mom had the horse in the store the horse got frightened and kicked out most all the glass cases. Billy said it cost my Mom's dad a lot of money to settle with the store owner.

One of the most interesting stories about my Mom had to do with her having all her teeth pulled when she was in her mid-thirties. The story is that when my Dad was away working for a couple of months my Mom had her perfectly good teeth pulled and had false teeth made for her. Billy Henry said that her Dad (my mom's brother) had the same thing done about the same time. I have no explanation for this unusual occurrence.

Another story that should be told is one that all my children remember. They were at the beach with my Mom and they went up to get some candy at a store, there must have been a man in the store that was messing with them and then my Mom came up from the beach. According to the kids my Mom hit the man with her purse. They seem to remember this incident very well, and were very impressed that this little 5 feet, 100 pound, grandmother could be so fierce.

For some reason the fact that when I was born, my Mom drove herself to the hospital, has been a story that both Sharon and Karen have appreciated, and wanted me to include the story in this follow-up of the Daley Family history.

There are several other stories that come to mind but the one that all the family admires is the "Quit Smoking" story. Like most of my Mom's generation she and my Dad were heavy smokers. In fact I think this was a contributing cause of my Dad dying at the age of 66 years. Anyway Mom had been a two pack a day smoker from about 19 years old to about 68 years old. She paid \$300.00 and took a course on how to stop smoking. After all these years of addiction to smoking, she quit. She said several times in the next 28 years until she died that she missed smoking but did not want the Grandchildren to become involved in this nicotine habit. It was not easy but I'm sure the Daley stubbornness came to the fore and helped her break this unbreakable addiction.



# MORRIS FAMILY ANCESTORS

## GENERATION ONE

### CHARLES MORRIS

b. 8/8/1824, Yorkshire, England.  
Immigrated about 1850 with wife,  
Maria. Son William Morris was born  
in Bristol, England. They came to  
Jacksonville, Ill. where they  
both worked for \$15.00 a month.  
In 1871 Charles and Maria bought  
320 acres for \$7,800.00.  
d. December 7, 1886

### Maria ( ) Morris

b. August 8, 1824 Yorkshire, England  
Immigrated with husband, Charles,  
from Yorkshire, England and arrived  
in U.S. with \$5.00.  
d. March 2, 1905

## GENERATION TWO

William Morris

b. 1852 Bristol, England

d. 1887,

m. Lottie yard

b. Bristol, England.

Hattie Morris

b. 1863 d. 1906

Thomas Pierson

b. 1863 d. 1950

Sarah Morris

b. 1865 d. 1902

Harry Bown

b. 1860 d. 1906

George Morris

b. 1860

m. Maria S. Borman Sept. 21, 1892.

d. 1937

Note: In 1883 George and Maria erected all the buildings on the Morris Family Farm property

Maria S. (Borman) Morris

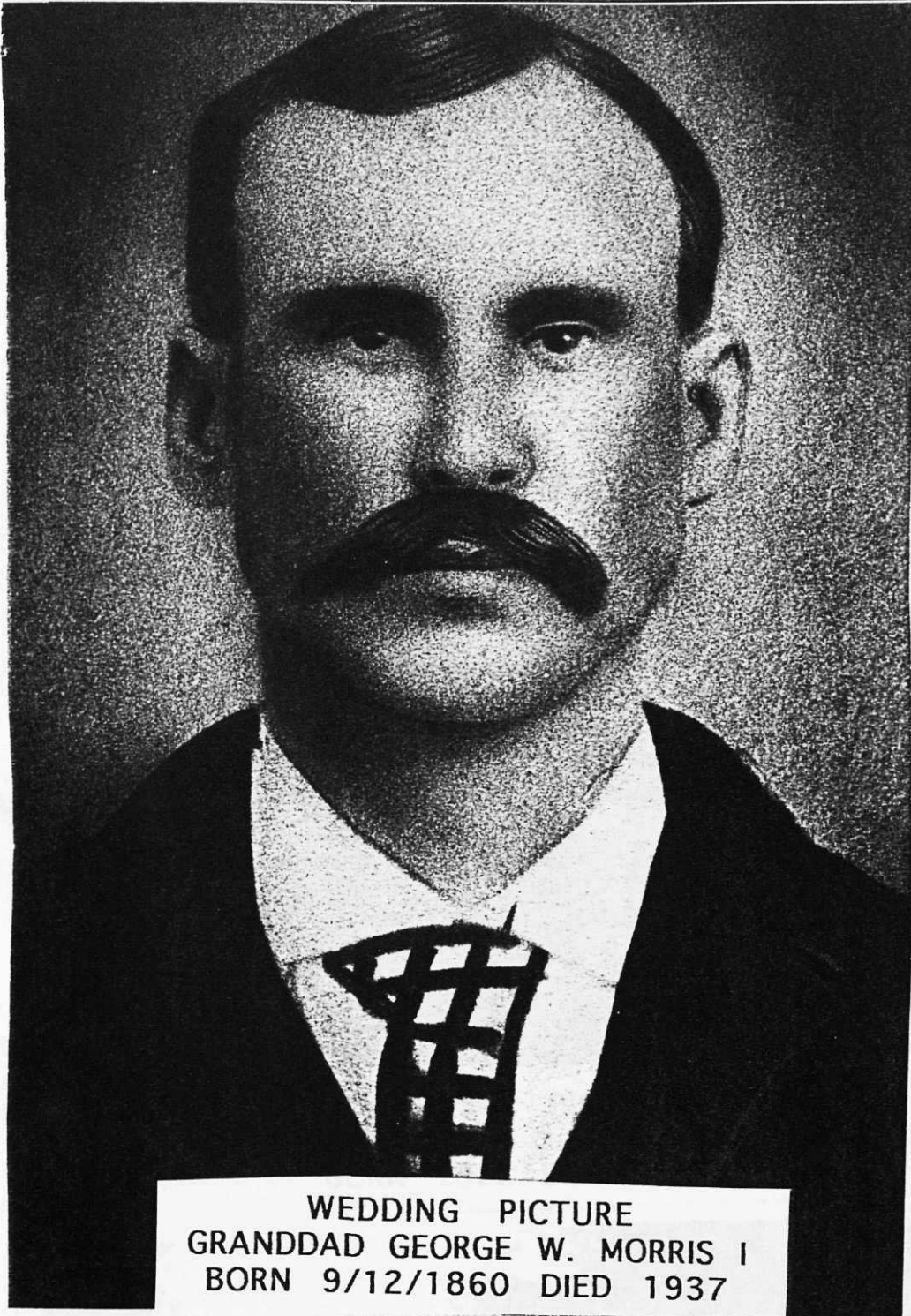
b. September 1, 1873 in Reid, Germany or across the Weser river in Bremen, Germany. Immigrated with her parents (Frank and Wilhelmina Grau Borman) to U.S. at around 1885 at 12 years, and was one of 11 children. (Two boys Willie and Freddie died in Germany, then the family immigrated to avoid Kaiser's army drafting other son). They came to home of John Borman who was married to Wilhelmina's sister. Eldest son saved from the draft was Herman who died of bad water (typhoid fever) soon after arrival in Illinois.

m. September 21, 1892.

d. June 22, 1955, buried in Mayfield Memorial Park Cemetery in Carlinville, Ill.

Mary Ann Morris

b. 1858 d. 1875



WEDDING PICTURE  
GRANDDAD GEORGE W. MORRIS I  
BORN 9/12/1860 DIED 1937



GEORGE W. MORRIS  
1914

HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL  
(NOTE COLLAPSIBLE  
FOOTBALL HELMET)





WEDDING PICTURE  
GRANDMOTHER MARIE S. (BORMAN) MORRIS  
BORN 1873 DIED 1955



MARIE MORRIS, LESTER MORRIS, GEORGE MORRIS I,  
LOIS KESSINGER, NELSON MORRIS,  
AND MY DAD GEORGE MORRIS II (IN CADET UNIFORM)

# BORMAN FAMILY PHOTO

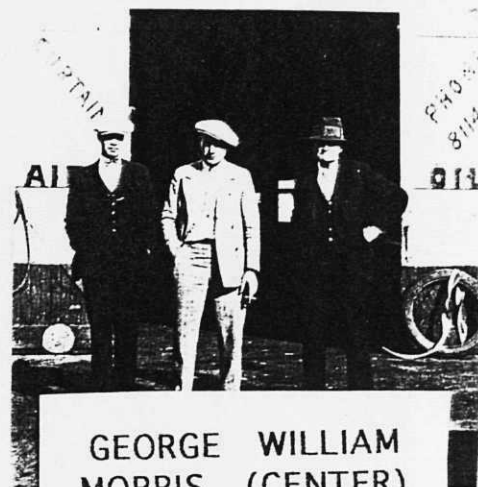
50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY 1942

OLLIE PERROTTET, HENRY BORMAN, ALBERT  
BORMAN, MINNIE HAUER, CHARLES BORMAN,

JOHN BORMAN, FRANK BORMAN,

MARIE S. (BORMAN) MORRIS,

FRONT ROW-GREAT/GREAT GRANDPARENTS FRANK BORMAN  
AND WILHELMINA (GRAU) BORMAN



GEORGE WILLIAM  
MORRIS (CENTER)  
IN FRONT OF HIS  
GAS STATION AND  
GARAGE IN CULVER  
CITY, CA.  
JANUARY 1927



NELSON MORRIS,  
GEORGE W. MORRIS  
CARLINVILLE, ILL.  
ABOUT 1909



GEORGE WILLIAM MORRIS  
IN RICHMOND, CA.  
APRIL 23, 1923

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REMINISCINGS  
FROM THE KESSINGER  
FAMILY ON THEIR LIFE,  
AND THEIR PARENTS AND  
GRANDPARENTS LIVES ON  
THE FARM IN ILLINOIS.

(MY DAD, GEORGE W.  
MORRIS  
WAS BORN AND RAISED  
ON THIS FARM)



February 8, 1994

CHILDHOOD FAMILY REMEMBRANCES

By Betty Kessinger Easley

THE FOLLOWING 6  
PAGES WERE WRITTEN  
BY BETTY LOVE  
(KESSINGER) EASLEY  
THANK YOU,  
DON MORRIS

MY PARENTS: Fred and Pearl Kessinger

Dad enjoyed community involvement. He "never knew a stranger". When he went into Carlinville or around the area he spoke to everyone he met.

He was active in local politics as a staunch Democrat. He served four terms as township road commissioner. The money he made in his work on the roads helped us survive the Great Depression. In later years he served as precinct chairman.

He was active in support of the Macaupin County Fair. He was a member of the fair board for many years.

He valued education. He served for many years on the board of the local school that we attended. He helped interview and hire the teachers, who then received support and encouragement from our parents and often "boarded" in our home. He always admonished us children to: "Get an education. That is something that no one can take away from you."

Mom, as a former teacher, put her experience to good use with her own children. She would never think of letting us start first grade without first having taught us to read and do simple arithmetic. She would listen to us read before we went out the door to school in the mornings, and would make sure we had mastered our spelling lessons. Her parting words invariably were, "Make 100 today."

Mom was a care-giver. Besides caring for six children of her own (and our oldest sister, Lois, was an invalid for most of her life), she cared for others as well.

One year she invited Dad's elderly aunt and uncle (who were childless) to spend the cold winter months with us at our house.

She welcomed two nephews who each visited several months in our home and she treated them as her own.

She cared for her mother and her brother, Nelson, in their later years when they required care day and night. She accomplished this by going to their house (rather than in her home which would have been more convenient for her), because they preferred it that way. She was always proud of the fact that they were able to live out their days and die at home, as was their wish.

Mom was a unique individual. After she died, one of my friends gave me this insight as to her character: "She knew exactly who she was and she was proud of it."

She never had any desire to live anywhere except on the home farms. She often said, "I never want to move to town."

She enjoyed the quiet and contentment of country life and she had so many interests that she was never bored.

She loved to garden - especially working with her flowers. She knew the names of all the flowers, birds, butterflies and insects. She was a self taught naturalist before the term was popular.

A favorite outing for her was a trip to the family timberland - to see the wild flowers in bloom and to bring some rare ones home to plant. We always went there to pick blackberries in the summer, and I can remember our coming home one fall with a farm wagon full of black walnuts, hazel nuts and hickory nuts that we had gathered there. She insisted that we keep hives of bees even though she eventually became allergic to their stings.

Mom went into town for piano lessons as a child, and at one time we had two pianos in our home. She enjoyed playing, and would gather us around the piano on cold winter nights to sing all the old songs like "The Little Brown Church in the Vale", "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen".

Mom owned one of the few cameras in the neighborhood as we were growing up. She used it to record school groups, family reunions and other events.

Our parents had a life-long interest in sporting events. Everyone gathered around the radio for boxing matches, (I remember Max Baer vs Schmelling), and later for major league baseball games. We were all encouraged to participate in athletic activities, and Mom and Dad both loved to sit in the stands and cheer us on. They really enjoyed Shirley's high school cheer leading days. They transported her and the other girls to all the games.

Another favorite spot for Mom to visit was Charity Cemetery. That was the place for us kids to receive our family history lessons. (Why didn't we pay more attention?) She would point out the tombstones of the generations of Morrisises, Loves, Kessingers, Lotts, Solomans, etc. and related stories concerning them. She had a great sense of family pride and always made sure that the graves were well tended and covered with vases of garden flowers, especially on Memorial Day which we called "Decoration Day".

In her later years, Mom spent a lot of time locating and recording information for a family tree. She was able to trace back to the time that the first family members came to America.

After Dad's health problems required him to quit farming, his greatest love (according to Mom) was bragging to everyone about his children and their whereabouts and their accomplishments. It was a special time when there were lots of the 13 grandchildren around. In their later years together Mom and Dad looked forward to their almost weekly drive to the Willis's (Shirley Kessinger Willis and family) to spend the day.

It is sad that Dad died so young (age 67) and didn't have more time to enjoy the family.

MY GRANDPARENTS: George and Marie Morris

Grandma Morris was a gourmet cook who fed everyone (family or others) who stepped through her door. For example, when truckers would arrive at 2:00 A. M. to take some livestock down to the St. Louis stockyard market, she would make sure they had a cup of coffee and some hot food before they left. She made wonderful coffee cakes using the fresh fruit from Grandpa's orchards. She made mustard pickles, hot fudge sauce and blackberry sauce for homemade ice cream, and an unusual cake with fig filling. She would snip off the corner of an envelope and fill it with icing which she piped onto the cake. She prepared three meals a day plus a hot lunch (with hot coffee, of course) in mid morning and mid afternoon. These lunches would be carried to the workers in the fields by any children who happened to be handy.

She filled the basement with canned and preserved food. In later years she would take a quick nap after supper on the couch behind the kitchen table and then get up and can peaches until midnight. When she and Uncle Nel needed to make a trip to town for supplies she prided herself on not wasting more than an hour in that way, before getting back home to the job at hand. However on the return trip they almost always took time for a stop down the lane at our house to drop off big haystack shaped filled chocolate candies.

Memories of Grandpa Morris are less vivid for me. He was 13 years older than Grandma and died when I was quite young. I sense that he was mild mannered and of a gentlemanly nature. He was successful in his business dealings. When his children were growing up there was money for music lessons and household help, and dressmakers to make the clothes. The farm house was lighted with gas lights. He bought an automobile for his teen-age sons to drive and his eldest son, George, attended a military academy.

In prosperous early times on the farm he employed several hired men. One of them, Otis Jenkins, ("Uncle Otie" to us, as he was a lifetime family friend), had the job of getting everybody up and ready to work in the mornings. I was told that he sometimes resorted to a bucket of cold water to accomplish this.

Grandpa's pride and joy in his later years were his orchards. He loved to watch growing things.

The farm where he and Grandma lived and reared their family has been designated a historical farm, recognizing that the farm has been under the operation of the same family for over 100 years.

For the first year after they came to America from Yorkshire, England in the 18th Century, the farm was known as the Yorkshire Farm in 1830.



MY UNCLE AND AUNT: George and Elizabeth (Pat) Morris  
(As viewed from "back on the farm")

It was always an occasion when Mom would receive a letter or some pictures or an always funny-and-clever greeting card from Aunt Pat in California. She and Uncle George and their sons were our glamorous and adventuresome relatives who had left the farm for more exciting scenes. Their trips back to Illinois were occasions for great anticipation on our part.

I always had a dream that sometime I might have a chance to travel to California to visit them. After venturing to Albuquerque with my friend, Helen Denby, we added to our adventures by doing just that. (Oh that wonderful Greyhound Bus!) We had a ball. We made tremendous pests of ourselves all of which Uncle George and Aunt Pat put up with in great good humor. They took us to Tijuana, Mexico to the dog races and let us drive Aunt Pat's little yellow Austin all around the area and into the big city of L. A.

Then after Vern and I were married and had acquired three little blond girls who were dying to see Disneyland, we imposed on them again. Busy as they were in the Old Corral they treated us royally. What they had was ours to use as our home base. From there we explored all the tourist attractions of the area, having a vacation for all to remember. Having a place to stay and all that good Mexican food was also a great boon to our limited pocketbook.

MY GREATGRANDPARENTS: Charles and Maria Morris

Indications are that Greatgrandfather Charles owned considerable farm property west of Carlinville which he divided among his children. Those farms passed into other hands many years ago evidently except for Grandpa George's which is still in family ownership today. Although Grandpa George lived to be 77 years old, his brothers and sisters died at a much younger age, perhaps explaining why their land was not kept in the family.

I was told that Greatgrandfather Charles always had cash on hand and that often men would come to the house to borrow from him. He would say, "Go up to the house and tell the woman" (G.G.M. Maria), and she would give it to them. Perhaps he was willing to lend remembering that he and Maria both worked for \$15 a month for the first year after they came to America from Yorkshire, England in the 1850's. Note: Their son William was born in Yorkshire in 1854.

MY UNCLE: Nelson Morris

Uncle Nel never married and he devoted his life to helping his parents and keeping everything together on the "home place". He was born there and lived there his entire life.

All during his working years, whenever anything needed to be repaired on any of the family farms, he was the one who could fix it. In the 1940's he even built his own barn.

In his later years he took much pride in his herd of black angus cattle. They ceased to be a business item to him. He loved them so much that he could hardly bear to sell any of them. He always had a dog that he was devoted to. He jokingly told me, "I think I get along better with animals than I do with people".

The truth was that, although he seldom left the farm in those years, he could be counted on if anyone had a problem. He was like a rock, always there, generous with his time and money if any one needed help.

MY UNCLE: Lester Morris

Uncle Les was a hard worker. He left the farm and supported his wife and six children by working in the Alton steel mills. He would often come home and work on the farm on the weekends. After retiring from the mill work he came back and spent the rest of his days with Uncle Nel at the home place.

He enjoyed studying the weather and predicting what was coming next. He enjoyed gardening and was generous to share his produce with family and neighbors.

He was an amateur song writer and was proud to have people listen to a few songs that he had had recorded.

MY GREATGRANDPARENTS: Frank and Maria Grau Borman

Great Grandfather Frank Borman was reported to be an overseer of a large estate in Germany before emigrating to the U. S. The family lived in Riede, Germany, and he crossed the river everyday to work at the estate located near \_\_\_\_\_. The economic condition of the family was very good and they would have had no financial worries in Frank Borman's lifetime. The children were well educated and had a good command of the English language before leaving Germany.

However there was one problem that convinced the family to leave this secure position for one of uncertainty across the ocean. Their oldest son was 17 and soon would be required to enter the German army. Infact, since his conscription was so eminent, he would not have been allowed to leave the country had he not been in the company of his family. Ironically this son died within a year or two after the family reached America. It was thought that he died from the effects of "bad water" (typhoid fever, perhaps?).

One interesting shipboard incident is reported by members of the Henry Borman family - Henry being one of the sons of Frank and Wilhelmina. It seems that one of the three Borman sisters was frolicking on the deck which seamen were swabbing with hot water. One of the buckets overturned severely burning her foot (clad in high button shoes). Medical facilities were limited but Mrs. Lampe another German passenger and a stranger to the Bormans, took her under her wing and treated and tended to the burn. The Lampes subsequently also settled near Carlinville and continued their friendship.

As I was growing up I often admired a picture that my Grandmother Morris (daughter of Frank and Wilhelmina Borman) had on her wall. The picture showed two young girls in a small boat. My grandmother told me that the picture reminded her of something that happened while she was still in Germany. (She was 12 years old when they came to America).

She remembered that she and her sisters had been playing in a small boat near the bank of the river close to their home, when the boat drifted away from shore. They were very frightened, as they had no oars with which to row the boat back. One of girls had the presense of mind to suggest that they spread their long skirts for sails, and the wind carried them safely to shore.



Hello Cousin Mante. The reason  
I haven't written before is because  
the only 2 things I could remember  
about your visit when I was young  
was you talking me (plus you) riding  
on a log when the creek flooded  
and I got in trouble for doing it. Plus  
you told me that kids in California  
played tricks on their folks by putting  
salt in the sugar bowl so I did  
that to. Needless to say that got me  
in trouble to.

Now for my part of the family tree  
Shirley Kessinger Willis married Albert Willis  
parents of 3 children  
(William Frederick <sup>10/22</sup> 1954) married to Mary Wisnuck  
parents of Theresa Lynn Willis 6/1/78  
Sally Ann Willis 10/27/81  
(Jana Marie Willis) <sup>11/10</sup> 1958 married to Stacy Moore  
parents of Jennifer Brooke Moore 6/27/78  
(Ember Inapard Willis) 11/18/68 married to Tony Lipsey  
parents of Bethany Ashley Lipsey 11/30/93  
End of tale - wish I could see you all

WRITTEN BY SHIRLEY  
KESSINGER.  
THANKS, DON

Love  
Shirley Kessinger Willis  
Hi. Albert Willis

THE FOLLOWING  
PAGES WERE WRITTEN  
BY NELSON  
KESSINGER.  
THANK YOU,  
DON MORRIS

Dear Don

I don't have much to add to  
Betty + Morris' recollections of  
the Family.

I am the only one with much  
info on your brother Dinty, when  
he fell out of a tree and was  
injured.

When he was 12 or 13 and I was  
9 or 10; we were nearest in ages  
so spent quite a lot of time  
together. He was the leader +  
I made a good follower. We went  
to a neighbor (Dinty timber)  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile  
from home, where he decided to climb  
a tree. After some time he fell out.  
I could only tell he broke his arm  
because of the appearance. I left  
him and ran home to tell Mom. She  
went back with me + could tell he  
had serious injuries. I was sent to  
the neighbor (Clyde Dinty) house +

[REDACTED]

asked him to take Mom & Winty  
to town to the Dr. The injuries  
were a fractured pelvis, broken  
elbow & broken bones in lower  
arm. They brought him back to  
our house & put in bed where he  
remained for a large part of the  
winter. That ruined his year  
spent in Ill. on the farm.

[REDACTED]



## REMEMBRANCES BY MORRIS KESSINGER ABOUT THE MORRIS CLAN

Charles Morris purchased the farm land in Section 1 of Bird Township in about 1880 and sold to George and Marie Morris about 1890 and they erected the buildings and resided at that place all of their lives.

Grandpa (George-Morris) was a man of medium build, but very energetic, and always needed to be doing something and seldom sat down to chat or visit.

The story is told of him shocking oats and his hat blew off but he did not bother to go pick it up but worked on around the field and picked it up when he came to it.

George was 13 years older than Marie so was not a young man when sons, George and Nelson, were growing up.

They wouldn't want to get up in the morning and after his calling them (unsuccessfully) several times, would send the hired man (Otis Jenkins) to get them up.

George Morris had a large farming operation and several hired men and his wife believed in feeding them well and often. So she would send Pearl out with her younger brothers, George and Nelson, to keep them out of the way. That is when they went hunting for wild bird eggs and wild flowers, etc. and learned their botany.

Marie would have liked to visit some, but always thought of others and hurried with her trips to town etc.

One Sunday afternoon, some of her city friends came to visit, and while they were there, the Boys went out to entertain themselves and her son, George, climbed up the windmill and became scared and couldn't climb down, so his mother, in the presence of her city friends had to climb up the windmill and rescue her son.

In about 1930, during a heavy snow storm, we at Laurel Hill School heard an airplane land and the teacher allowed another boy and I, the only 6th Graders, to go and see the Air Mail plane (Chicago to St. Louis, such as Lindberg flew) that had landed in a hay field on the Morris farm. The pilot called the airport at St. Louis and found out that visibility was O. K. there and he proceeded on his way. I'm sorry I never got his autograph or even his name.

Pearl Morris graduated from High School in 1912, after only three years, and was hired as the teacher at Denby school, where George and Nelson were students. It was located in a timbered area, Northwest of the farm, and at recess and noon the students learned much about nature while playing in the woods.

Fred and Pearl were married December 7, 1912 in Springfield, Illinois, as they were superstitious and didn't want to get married in 1913.

They started farming at the North place and Lois and Morris were born there.

In 1920, George Sr. purchased the farm  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile Southeast of home, where Nelson, Betty, John and Shirley were born, and Fred and Pearl moved there and George and Liz moved to the North place where they lived until about 1921 or 1922 when they, with their son, George (Dinty) and another couple drove to California in a touring car over poor road conditions; quite an adventure.

The North place remained vacant until Lester (about 6 years younger than Nelson) and Melvina, his wife, moved in.

At the present time, the buildings at the North place and where Fred and Pearl moved to have all been removed and the only structures of the buildings, erected by George, Sr. and Marie Morris are the house, barn and buggy shed.

The house is now lived in by a tenant and the land is farmed on a crop share plan by a neighbor.

I don't think George Morris, Sr. ever drove a car or a tractor and never dreamed of a time when his farm would not have any livestock (horses, cattle, hogs etc.) but of course George and Marie bought the farm over 100 years ago.

Of course, we of the older generation have lived through many changes. World War II and succeeding conflicts and the great depression, when I went back to school in September with \$15.00 in my pocket from summer jobs.

I was lucky, I rode a horse 6 miles each way, each day, to High School, 4 years, and 1 year to college at Blackburn in



**FAMILY REMEMBRANCES**  
by John Kessinger

THE FOLLOWING  
PAGES WERE  
WRITTEN BY  
JOHN KESSINGER.  
THANK YOU,  
DON MORRIS

February 23, 1994

I will set out some thoughts following Betty's format. Since I don't have original thoughts, Betty is a good one to emulate.

We are all children of the Depression. That economic fact was a major consideration in any activity. Our parents were adamant in providing an education if desired. For a time, the only cash money available went to mortgage payments on the farm.

I don't remember, as Betty does, Mom telling me to get 100s. Guess she set reasonable goals. Betty responded with that high place finish in the State Spelling Match, for which she earned a fine pennant.

Even though Mom and Dad had five living children, they missed their eldest, Lois. In her final days, Mom, in troubled thought, was looking for her "little girl." It was years later that I partly understood that.

Mom and Dad both loved sports. Dad was interested in the community and nation. Mom was interested in a multiplicity of subjects.

Regarding the meals that Grandma prepared, I partook of them many times at her table and later in the field working with the uncles. One of my friends, a second generation Italian whose father labored in the mines, told of the days he worked on Grandpa's farm and ate the three meals per day...plus the two "lunches" sent to the field.

In Mom's later days, she finally realized that she couldn't care for herself, so she lived with Shirley, who did yoeman's work. Later when she continually tried to run away, Shirley arranged for a nursing home, where Shirley knew most of the staff. They gave Mom special care and Shirley visited often, usually five days a week.

I don't remember much of George Daley visiting except the oft told story about him falling out of a tree and breaking some bones, with Nelson running home to get Mom, who somehow arranged to get him to the doctor. In later years, Monte spent several months with us. We were certainly glad to have another ball player around. I don't think Mom made him do as many chores as we had to do..ha!

I will only echo what Betty had to say about our grandparents and Uncle Nelson and Uncle Les.

Over the years, I've had a lot of Uncle George's contemporaries ask about him. They related how much fun they had with him. Other stories about his football exploits were widely circulated. Some of the same people, and others, asked about Aunt Elizabeth and when were they coming to Carlinville to visit?

Sally and I, along with my parents, went to visit Uncle George and Aunt Elizabeth in Laverne only one time...in the late 1950's.

I married Sally Gill in 1956. She has three brothers and three sisters. Our children are Rebecca (Becky) who lives in Queens and works on Manhattan Island and in Brooklyn, New York; Jill, who is married to John Majcher, lives in Naperville, Illinois, and works in downtown Chicago; Mark, who is married to Cindy Phillips, lives in Denver, Colorado, works for Ball, Inc., and has two sons...Derek, age 3 and Ethan, age 1; Amy, who lives and teaches in Decatur, Illinois; and Julie, who was killed in an auto accident in 1983, at the age of 13.

## GENERATION THREE

Charles Nelson Morris

b. 1898 Carlinville, Ill.

d. 1977

George William Morris

b. July 14, 1896 Carlinville, Ill.

m. 8-4-1920 Sarah Elizabeth Daley

d. January 23, 1963 La Verne, Calif.

Sarah Elizabeth Daley

b. July 14, 1898 Carlinville, Ill.

m. George William Morris

d. November 24, 1994 Arroyo Grande, Calif.

Harriet Pearl (Morris) Kessinger

b. May 11, 1894 Carlinville, Ill.

d.

Charles Fred Kessinger

b. October 18, 1892

d. October 16, 1961

Lester Edward Morris

b.

d. August 11, 1981

-----  
(Melvina Lake)



**GEORGE WILLIAM MORRIS**  
**(SEPTEMBER 6, 1896 TO JANUARY 20, 1963)**

The following was written by my mom Sarah (Daley) Morris  
around 1966

George William Morris was born September 6, 1896 in Carlinville, Illinois. He lived on the family farm and attended Carlinville High School where he was the Captain of the 1914 undefeated football team and he was a four year letterman in basketball and track. George Morris was one of the first men in the state of Illinois to run in 100 yard dash in 10 seconds flat, which he accomplished in 1914.

George Morris married Sarah Elizabeth Daley on August 4, 1920 in Carlinville, Illinois. George "Dinty" Morris was born in 1921 on the Morris farm. In 1922 the Morris family traveled by Model-T Ford along with two couples from Carlinville--Martha and Hurley Fite, and Aldle and Emma Harkey. The trip took 21 days to reach San Francisco, California.

After a short time in Northern California where George Morris was employed as a Standard Oil Company roustabout in the oil fields, they moved to Los Angeles, California where George Morris was again associated with Standard Oil Company.

On March 13, 1930 a son, Don Monte Morris, was born in Hollywood, California. George Morris was a veteran of World War I and served from 1918 to 1920. He enlisted in the United States Army in Chicago, Illinois as soon as the first word was heard about a declaration of war. He received a Presidential Citation upon his death from President John F. Kennedy. In later years he owned and operated the Old Corral Restaurant in La Verne, California. After 17 years he retired from operating the restaurant. One day after retirement he passed away.

As a mark of his patriotism, after the broadcast on the attack on Pearl Harbor, George Morris was the first volunteer in Southern California to sign up for the Civil Defense Warden responsibility.

This was after he found out that he was beyond the age of enlistment for the Armed Forces.

## The 1914 Football Season - C.H.S. First Undefeated Football Season

With one year of playing experience under their belts, the Carlinville football team began their second year. The football team of 1914 was undoubtedly the most successful athletic team that ever represented Carlinville High School. Two hundred and twelve points were scored by the offense, while only thirteen were scored against the defense. The team won the high school championship of Macoupin County and easily defeated schools that were contending for other county titles. The Carlinville fans, all throughout the season, supported our team with enthusiasm and spirit. The entire town of Carlinville encouraged the football team to win. The students of C.H.S. will always remember the businessmen who encouraged the team to give and play their very best. The team was greatly indebted to Bill Durning for his assistance as coach and to Elwood Steward for his kindness in giving advice to the team.

Dr. Liston took over the head coaching job before the traditional Blackburn Thanksgiving game. Dr. Liston's coaching and football experience proved very valuable in sustaining an undefeated season's record. To Blackburn University the team owed a debt of gratitude. At the beginning of the season they were kindly offered a dressing room and use of the Blackburn Athletic Field for practice. Perhaps the greatest benefit that the high school derived on the Blackburn field was the scrimmage that was held three times a week. Not only did this help in the development of plays, but it kept interest in the game until the end of the season.

Early in the season, Marston Boatman was elected captain of the team and Lynn Searcy was chosen as manager. Raymond Colver acted as business manager, and these three officers piloted the team over many hard places.

### Carlinville High School's 1914 Line-up

Player and Nickname	Position	Year	Wgt.	No. Games Played
Bonham, Robert Truman "Monk"	L.E.	Sr.	149	6
Moore, Paul Robert "Isaac"	L.E.	Sr.	140	6
Wolfe, Ernest	L.T.	Jr.	150	8
Searcy, Lynn Dolley "Bub"	L.G.	Sr.	140	8
Seyfrit, Michael Franklin "Mick"	C	So.	150	8
Hart, John Henry "Mud"	R.G.	Sr.	160	7
Dey, Hugh "Simp"	R.T.	So.	148	7
Bown, John "Bearcat"	R.E.	So.	140	8
Boatman, Marston "Sam"	Q.B.	Sr.	132	7
Morris, George "Socks"	L.H.	So.	160	8
Homer, Thomas "Tom", "Lang", "Sweeney"	R.H.	Sr.	165	8
Arnett, Howard "Bull"	F.B.	So.	148	7
Pursey, Carl Julius "Cy"	F.B.	Sr.	140	2

Weight of line: 145 lbs.

Weight of Backfield: 152 lbs.

The 1914 Undefeated team, which was also the Macoupin County Champion, season's record follows:

### CARLINVILLE HIGH SCHOOL 1914 SEASON MACOUPIN COUNTY FOOTBALL CHAMPIONS

COACH: William Durning \_\_\_\_\_ ASS'T COACH: Dr. J. B. Liston

(8-0-0)

## The 1914 Football Banquet

The famous football team of 1914, together with those who coached the boys during the season and those who acted as referees for the various games, were most pleasantly entertained at a banquet given at the home of Miss Hoehn, Saturday, December the sixth, at six o'clock. Professor and Mrs. White, Miss Hubbard, Miss Turnbull, Miss Murphy and Miss Hoehn were the host and hostesses. The table was decorated with trailing ferns and was lighted by candles. In the center of the table was the loving cup voted by the citizens of the town to George Morris as the most popular man on the team. At each plate were place cards decorated with kewpies, each one bearing some personal touch, and souvenir books made by Miss Hubbard containing, among other interesting facts, a football song written by Miss Murphy and sung most lustily by the boys to the tune of "Marching through Georgia". The title of the song was "Our Thanksgiving Game" and since the game was played with Blackburn and was a victory for our boys, the song was most popular.

The following menu was served:

Tomato Puree Oyster Cocktail, Croutons, Whipped Cream, Mashed Potatoes, English Chicken Pie, Peas, Spaghetti a la Creole, Celery Hearts, Olives, Hot Rolls, Orange Marmalade, Pickles, Fruit Salad, Cranberry Ice, Apple Pie a la Mode, Cheese, Coffee Sweets.

The toasts responded to were as follows:

Football in 1914 .....	Ernest Wolfe
Football in 1915 .....	Howard Arnett
Basketball in 1914-15 .....	George Morris
Oratorical Contest in M.O.A.A. ....	Paul Moore
Athletic Contest in M.A.A.A. ....	Thomas Homer
The Business Management of Games .....	Raymond Colver
What We Gain By Playing Football .....	Lynn Searcy
Our Thanksgiving Game .....	Marston Boatman

Those present were Howard Baldwin and Ned Harrington of Blackburn College, Ernest Wolfe, Howard Arnett, George Morris, Paul Moore, Thomas Homer, Raymond, Colver, Lynn Searcy, Marston Boatman, True Bonham, Walter Sonnemann, Paul Hagaman, Hugh Dey, Michael Seyfrit, John Hart, Carl Pursey, John Bown, all members of the high school. Also present were Dr. Liston, Mr. Elwood Steward and Mr. William Durning, who kindly gave their service to helping the team.

## TEAM MEMBERS

Alexander, Wayland  
Blauer, Ed  
Brockmiller,  
Bown, John  
Carmody, Steve  
Chism, Dick  
Deiss, Herman  
Denby, George  
Dey, Hugh  
Ebert, Louis  
Geiger, Harold  
Graham, Clarence

Hagaman, Paul  
Hall, Harold  
Kunard, Luther  
Lawrence, Glenn  
Morris, George  
Morris, Nelson  
Peebles, Don  
Pursey, Carl  
Robinson, Bill  
Seyfrit, Michael  
Sexton, Dan  
Wolfe, Ernest



1916-17

	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
	Your Grade	Your Grade	Your Grade	Your Grade
	Class Average	Class Average	Class Average	Class Average
English I.....				
Algebra I.....				
Latin I.....				
Ancient History.....				
Physiography.....				
Botany.....				
English II.....				
Plane Geometry.....				
Latin II.....				
Modern History.....	78	78	78	85
Zoology.....				
Physiology.....				
English III.....				
English History.....				
Latin III.....				
German I.....				
Chemistry.....	75 86	87 80 86	83 85	
Algebra II.....	75 81 85	90 84 90	88 92	
Solid Geometry.....				
Household Science.....				
Trigonometry.....				
American History.....				
Physics.....	75 78 75	80 74 81	79 81	
Civics.....				
English IV.....	75 84 83	84 75 79	77 81	
Latin IV.....				
German II.....				
Economics.....				
Household Science.....				
Teachers' Train. Course.....				
Times Tardy.....			1	
Half Days Absent.....	6	5	7	2

	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.
	Your Grade	Your Grade	Your Grade
	Class Average	Class Average	Class Average
English I.....			
Algebra I.....			
Latin I.....			
Ancient History.....			
Physiography.....			
Botany.....			
English II.....			
Plane Geometry.....			
Latin II.....			
Modern History.....	85		
Zoology.....			
Physiology.....			
English III.....			
English History.....			
Latin III.....			
German I.....			
Chemistry.....	84 86		
Algebra II.....	78 91		
Solid Geometry.....			
Household Science.....			
Trigonometry.....			
American History.....			
Physics.....	80 82		
Civics.....			
English IV.....	76 83		
Latin IV.....			
German II.....			
Economics.....			
Household Science.....			
Teachers' Train. Course.....			
Times Tardy.....	2		
Half Days Absent.....	3		

# Carlinville Public Schools

## High School Department

Monthly Reports of

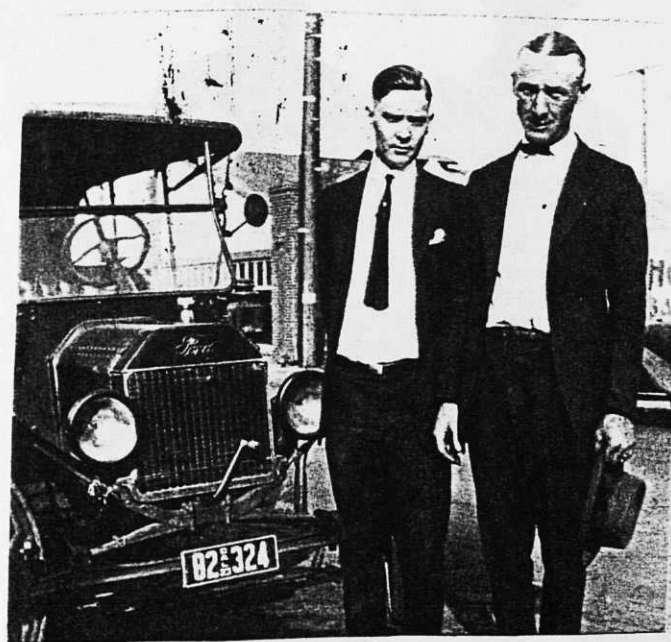
*George Morris*

CARLINVILLE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, MONTHLY REPORT ON  
GEORGE W. MORRIS II  
IN 1916-1917

GEORGE W. MORRIS (SEE THE RIGHT)  
IN FRONT OF THEIR NEW TOWN  
SEPTEMBER



THE 1923 MORRIS FAMILY ON THE FAMILY FARM  
NEAR CARLINVILLE, ILLINOIS  
LESTER MORRIS, GEORGE W. MORRIS II, PEARL  
(MORRIS) KESSINGER, WITH MORRIS KESSINGER,  
GRANDDAD GEORGE W. MORRIS, ELIZABETH  
(DALEY) MORRIS, NELSON MORRIS, AND  
GRANDMOTHER MARIE MORRIS



GEORGE W. MORRIS (TO THE RIGHT)  
IN FRONT OF THEIR NEW FORD  
SEPTEMBER 1923

NELSON MORRIS AND GEORGE MORRIS IN CARLINVILLE  
HIGH SCHOOL TRACK CLOTHS AROUND 1912



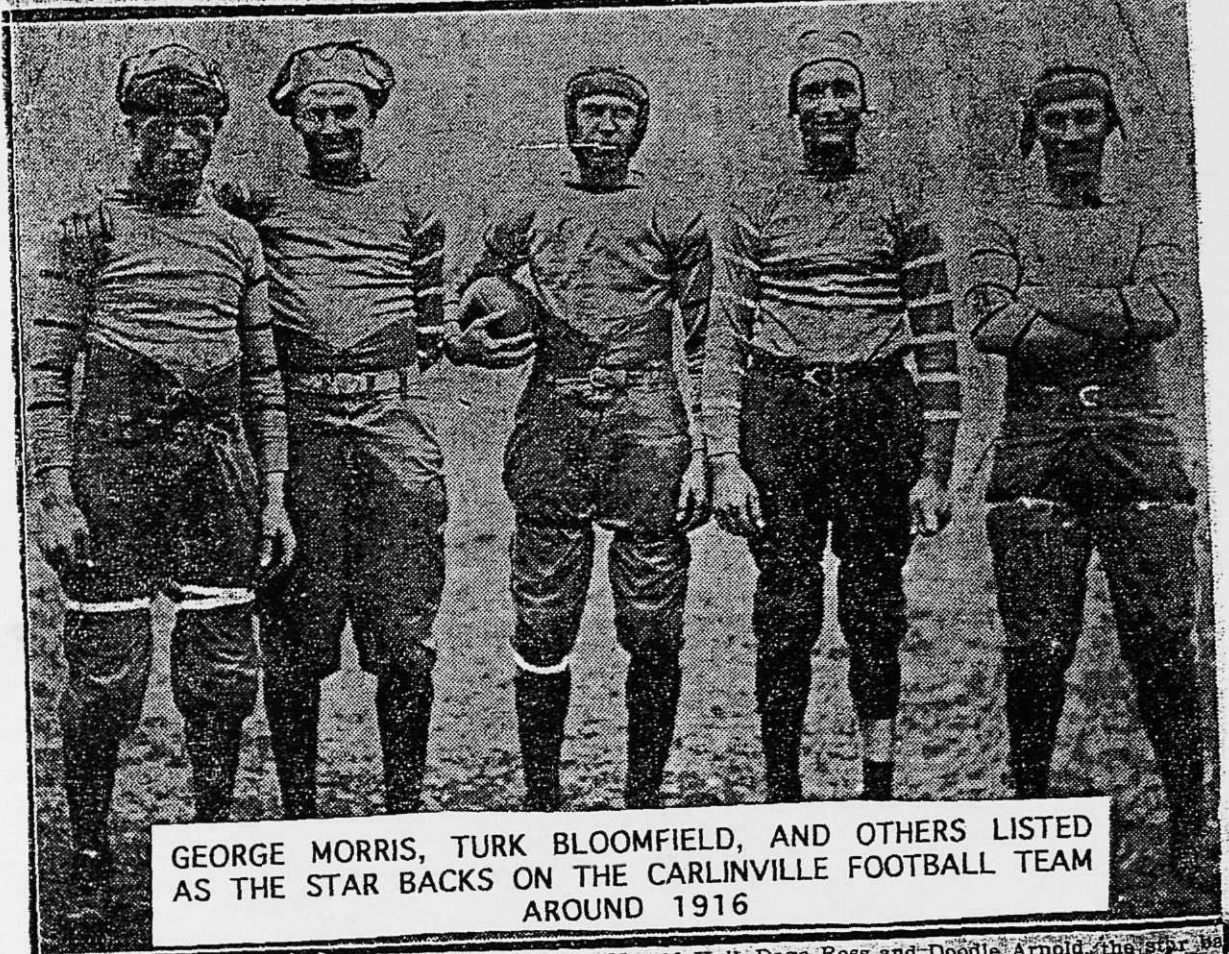
FRONT YARD OF MORRIS FARM AROUND 1924  
 NELSON MORRIS, GRANDDAD GEORGE MORRIS, LESTER  
 MORRIS, GRANDMOTHER MARIE MORRIS,  
 DON DALEY, FRED KESSINGER HOLDING NELSON, GRANDDAD  
 AND GRANDMOTHER LOUIS DALEY (FRONT ROW) BILLIE  
 DALEY, LOIS KESSINGER, MORRIS KESSINGER AND  
 ----- DALEY.



NELSON MORRIS AND GEORGE MORRIS IN CARLVILLE  
 HIGH SCHOOL TRACK CLOTHS AROUND 1912



THE SPRINGFIELD SUNDAY JOURNAL NOVEM  
STAR BACKFIELD CARLINVILLE LEGION TEAM

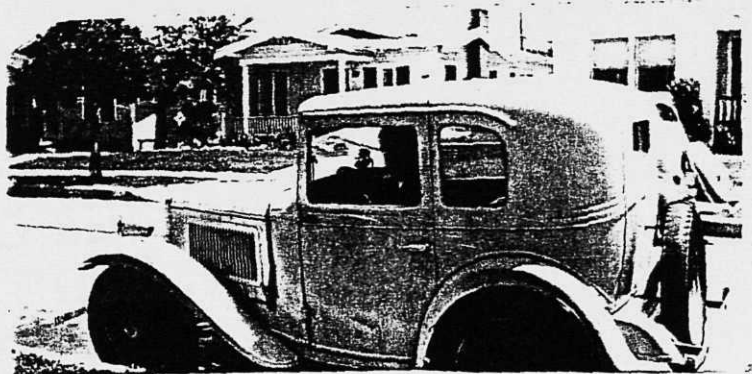


GEORGE MORRIS, TURK BLOOMFIELD, AND OTHERS LISTED  
AS THE STAR BACKS ON THE CARLINVILLE FOOTBALL TEAM  
AROUND 1916

Left to right: George Morris, "Turk" Bloomfield, Harold Hall, Dago Ross and Doodle Arnold, the star backs of the Carlinville American Legion team that has not been defeated this season though they have played some of the best independent aggregations in the state.



PAT (DALEY) MORRIS AND GEORGE  
MORRIS WITH NEW FORD  
IN LOS ANGELES SEPT. 1923



GEORGE W. MORRIS IN MOM'S AUSTIN CAR. SHE WAS  
VERY PROUD AND CALLED THE CAR  
PRECIOUS. IT GOT 42 MILES PER GALLON IN  
1935

P.S. will write to the folks tomorrow.



"WITH THE COLORS"



MAY, 1918 NEWPORT NEW, VA.  
LETTER FROM MY DAD GEORGE MORRIS WHEN HE  
WAS IN THE U.S. ARMY. TO HIS BROTHER NELSON MORRIS  
ON THE FARM IN ILLINOIS.

Dear Santy:

I have started  
about 4 letters to you  
but didn't get to finish  
any of them, will try  
again.

How everybody feeling?  
and how the new Dodge  
working? I'll bet you  
are stepping out a few, oh  
boy, you sure are a fool  
if you don't but you  
are also a damn fool  
if you play Carlinville  
stuff. Just take my advice.  
I know too, they are all  
right to kid a guy  
along, but the life with  
a little cold war appeals  
to me, not that I'm enjoying  
Help your Country by Saving. Write on BOTH Sides of this Paper.

cut any down here, because  
I'm always broke, and I don't  
gamble either, but we  
have some good times,  
you know that?

Man, write about  
you going to join the  
Army, before you do that -  
let me know, and I'll  
give you a few pointers  
that may help you a  
lot. I think that we  
can get together, of course  
I would do anything  
like that if I were you  
until all the harvest  
is over, but it won't  
hurt to confide in me  
a little. It sure would  
be great stuff if we  
could get to go over together.  
I have tried to transfer  
into nearly every branch  
of the service, but there  
isn't any chance, but  
I could get in the note



than it does to join the  
Army. Just remember that  
and then I think that you  
will have plenty of time to  
get in this, even if you waited  
for the draft. I think it will  
last ~~two~~ on three years yet.  
and if you stay at home  
and help dad, he will have  
a chance to get on his feet  
again. He's worked hard for  
so sauty, and we ought to  
give up nearly everything  
for him.





"WITH THE COLORS"



P.S.

~~The~~ man asked me  
to write to you and  
persuade you not to  
join because they need  
you so bad at home.  
They were afraid you  
would do like I did, you  
know, go away without  
telling anybody. Don't  
do that. Help drag out  
with the harvest and  
threshing and then if  
you want to join, I don't  
blame you, but you're  
not a slacker you know  
by staying there and helping.  
It takes more guts to stay  
at home and work like  
you are working, when some  
of your friends are away.

Help your Country by Saving. Write on BOTH Sides of this Paper.



PAT AND GEORGE MORRIS  
AT RESTAURANT ON WESTERN AVE.  
IN LOS ANGELES, CA. AROUND 1948



RESUME PHOTO OF  
DON MORRIS  
AROUND 1952



GEORGE MORRIS, JEAN I. MORRIS,  
DON MORRIS, AND PAT MORRIS  
AT HOWARD STREET HOME WEDDING.  
1954 (PHOTO BY M. MAUGHMER)

LETTER FROM MY DAD GEORGE MORRIS TO HIS  
BROTHER NELSON MORRIS  
DATED OCTOBER 27, 1918

Boonville Missouri.

October 27 1918.

Dear Santy:

I received your letter while I was in bed with a mild case of "flu". Don't let the folks find out I've got it though, please. <sup>the letter</sup> It sure was a great help. You know a person gets to feeling a little blue when you're a long way from home, and sick and nobody seems to give a damn whether you die or not. That's the shape I've been in for the last week. I'm a little better now and I guess I'll be alright in a couple of days.

I had a chance to be transferred to Camp Fremont Cal. last week to a machine gun, Officers' Training School but I decided it was too far from home and there was a big chance that I wouldn't get a commission anyway. If I stay out here and work I'm pretty sure to get a 2nd Lt. in the spring. Some time in March probably.

Say you're an awful damned fool for trying to break your neck getting into the army. You better wait till your turn comes. It sure isn't a very pleasant place to be in. Of course I wouldn't want you to tell anybody I told you this but believe your old papa that you're better off on the farm than

anyplace else. If I get a furlough Christmas, and I think maybe I will, I'm going to come out to your place for a couple of days. I've been dreaming of the things your ~~cooks~~ and mother cooks and the way she cooks 'em. Your mother and mine have got the world beat as cooks, alright. But here some of the stuff they shove at us reminds me of condensed horseshit. When it's frozen you know. Hard as bricks and good for nothing except bullets.

However part of the time we get pretty good stuff so I guess I oughtn't to complain.

You be sure and stay at home until Christmas, anyway. Maybe I can help you place yourself then. I'm getting a little pale around the gills so I guess I'll have to quit.

Give my love to all the women

CCN.



UNCLE NELSON MORRIS' WILL DATED FEBRUARY, 10, 1978  
(NOTE RELATIVES YOU HAVE IN ILLINOIS)

STATE OF ILLINOIS

JAN 5 1978

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE Seventh JUDICIAL CIRCUIT

Macoupin COUNTY - IN PROBATE

PROBATE DIVISION  
CLERK of the CIRCUIT COURT  
MACOUPIN CO., ILLINOIS

In the Matter of the Estate of

Carl Nelson Morris

Deceased

No. 78-23

Hearing on petition set for  
February 10th, 1978  
9:00 A m., Room Circuit  
County Courthouse  
Carlinville, Illinois  
/s/ Joseph P. Koval  
(Judge)

PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL AND FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

Morris W. Kessinger and  
John R. Kessinger

on oath states:

1. Carl Nelson Morris, whose place of residence at the time of death was  
R. R. 2, Carlinville, Macoupin County, Illinois  
died December 31, 1977, at R.R. 2, Carlinville, Illinois  
leaving a will dated March 18, 1975.

2. Approximate value of the estate in this state:

Personal \$ 53,000.00 Real \$ 218,400.00 Annual income from real estate \$ undetermined

3. The names and post-office addresses of the testator's heirs, legatees and devisees are (list heirs first):

Name	Relationship	Heir-H • Legatee-L Devisee-D	Minor-M Incompetent-I	Post-office address (if unknown, so state)
Pearl Kessinger	Sister	HDL	Adult	R.R. 2, Carlinville, Ill.
Lester Morris	Brother	HD	Incompetent	R.R. 2, Carlinville, Ill.
Morris W. Kessinger	Nephew	D	Adult	29 N. Blackstone, Amboy, Ill. 61310
J. Nelson Kessinger	Nephew	D	Adult	109 Vasel Dr., Litchfield, Ill. 62054
Betty (Kessinger) Easley	Niece	D	Adult	2728 Alcazar N.E., Albuquerque, N. Mexico 87110
John R. Kessinger	Nephew	D	Adult	2 Phillips Drive, Decatur, Ill. 62521
Shirley (Kessinger) Willis	Niece	D	Adult	Box 314, Mulberry Grove, Ill. 62262
William Morris	Nephew	D	Adult	816 S. Montgomery, Litchfield, Ill.
Trudi Marlene Morris	Gr-Niece	D	Minor	c/o Mr. and Mrs. Dan Bates, Brighton, Ill. 62012
Monti Dwayne Morris	Gr-Nephew	D	Minor	c/o Mr. and Mrs. Dan Bates, Brighton, Ill. 62012
Harold Dean Morris	Nephew	D	Adult	903 W. Adams St., Auburn, Ill. 62615
Donald Morris	Nephew	D	Adult	Auburn, Illinois 62615
Virginia (Morris) Madison	Niece	D	Adult	816 Swifton Commons, #102, Addison, Ill. 60101
Don M. Morris, a/k/a Monti Morris	Nephew	L	Adult	628 Stanford Dr., San Luis Obispo, California 93401
Elizabeth Morris, a/k/a				

Name	Post-office address
Morris W. Kessinger	29 N. Blackstone, Amboy, Illinois 61310

NOTE: John Kessinger, who was nominated as Co-Executor, has refused to serve, and his written Refusal has been filed herein.

Petitioner asks that the will be admitted to probate and that letters testamentary issue.

Petitioner asks that no authorization to appraise goods and chattels issue to the following, qualified to act: ("an" or "no")

Name	Post-office address

Morris W. Kessinger  
29 North Blackstone, Amboy, Ill. 61310

John R Kessinger  
Petitioner

Signed and sworn to before me

2 PHILLIPS  
(Address)

January 21, 19 78

Decatur Illinois 62521  
(City)

Mary Ann Martey  
(Notary Public)

Name PHELPS, CARMODY & KASTEN

Attorney for Petitioner

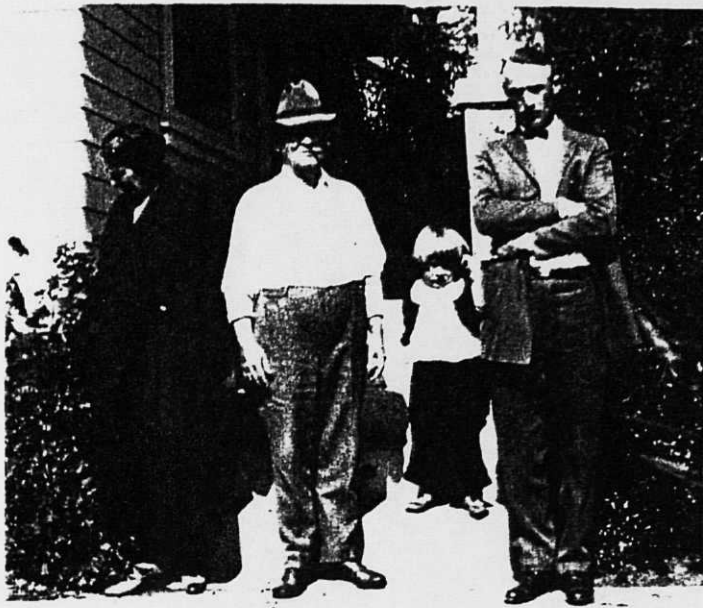
Address 130 E. Main Street

City Carlinville, Illinois

Telephone (217) 854-3283

I HEREBY CERTIFY THE WITHIN TO BE A TRUE AND COMPLETE COPY.

Philip Brown  
Philip Brown,  
Clerk of the Circuit Court



MINNIE (KEYES) DALEY, LOUIS P. DALEY, GEORGE D.  
MORRIS, AND GEORGE W. MORRIS.  
PHOTO TAKEN NOV. 1924.



MINNIE (KEYES) DALEY, GEORGE D.  
MORRIS, AND SARAH E. (DALEY) MORRIS.  
PHOTO TAKEN NOV. 1924 IN CALIFORNIA.



MACOUPIN COUNTY, ILLINOIS

**ED YOUNG, County Clerk**



CARLINVILLE, ILLINOIS

**Record of Marriage**

Marriage License No.: 15013

Date of Marriage: August 4, 1920

Place of Marriage: Carlinville, Illinois

Name of Groom: George Morris

Age Last Birthday: 23 Race: White

Place of Birth: Carlinville, Illinois

Father's Name: George Morris

Mother's Maiden Name: Marie Borman

Name of Bride: Elizabeth Daley

Age Last Birthday: 22 Race: White

Place of Birth: Plainview, Illinois

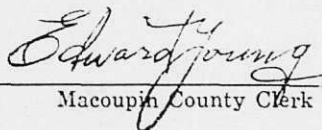
Father's Name: Louis P. Daley

Mother's Maiden Name: Minnie Keyes

Registered: Aug. 24, 1920 Record: 9 Page: 305

Given Under My Hand and Seal This 16th Day of February

19 61, at Carlinville, Illinois.

  
Macoupin County Clerk



# ENLISTMENT RECORD.

Name: George W. Morris <sup>235337</sup> Grade: Corporal  
 Enlisted, or Inducted, November 12 1917, at Chicago, Ill.  
 Serving in First enlistment period at date of discharge.  
 Prior service: \* None Newport News, Va.

JUL 3 1918

Noncommissioned officer: Corporal Paid in full \$ 2.00 <sup>50</sup>  
 Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: † None <sup>PAID BONUS \$600</sup>  
 Horsemanship: Not Mounted  
 Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: None <sup>James F. Walker</sup>

1st Lt. C. M. C.  
 Major Gen. O.

Knowledge of any vocation: Clerk

Wounds received in service: None

Physical condition when discharged: Excellent

Typhoid prophylaxis completed January 17-1918

Paratyphoid prophylaxis completed February 1-1918

Married or single: Single

Character: Very Good

Remarks: Services honest and faithful, No M.O.L., No Absences  
under N.Y. 167. 307th Rec. Co. Camp 8th Infantry Fla 12-19-17 to 1-9-18 - Officer Camp 2 M.C.  
Mill Va 1-4-18 to 11-28-18 - M.S. Det #1, 11-28-18 to 12-18-18. M.S. Co #734, 12-18-18 to  
date of discharge.

Signature of soldier: George W. Morris

Entitled to travel allowance  
 from Newport News, Va., to  
 Carlisle, Ill. Entitled to  
 Sixty Dollars (\$60.00) Bonus.  
 J. H. Rattenbutter  
 2nd Lieut. Inf. U.S.A.  
 Commanding In F.C. 734

Transportation issued

\* Give company and regiment or corps or department, with inclusive dates of service in each enlistment.  
 † Give date of qualification or rating and number, date, and source of order and official name.

A true copy of this document was by post  
 delivered to the address of the soldier - Stationer

Chicago, Ill  
 J. H. Rattenbutter

# Honorable Discharge from The United States Army



TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to Certify, That George W. Morris  
#2355327 Corporal, Motor Transport Co #734

THE UNITED STATES ARMY, as a TESTIMONIAL OF HONEST AND FAITHFUL

SERVICE, is hereby HONORABLY DISCHARGED from the military service of the  
 UNITED STATES by reason of Ex #77 Dept. Washington D.C. dated Nov 21 1918

Said George W. Morris was born  
 in Carlisle, in the State of Illinois

When enlisted he was 21 7/8 years of age and by occupation a Clark  
 He had Brown eyes, Brown hair, Fair complexion, and  
 was 5 feet 8 inches in height.

Given under my hand at Newport News Virginia this  
30th day of June, one thousand nine hundred and Nineteen

A. R. Kimball  
 Major Infantry  
 Commanding.



GEORGE W. MORRIS AND SARAH ELIZABETH MORRIS ALL DRESSED UP AND READY TO GO TO CHURCH. PHOTO 1928.



DON MONTE MORRIS IN 1933-SUCH A GOOD THREE YEAR OLD COWBOY.



DON MONTE MORRIS IN ABOUT 1943. "THEY WERE SO POOR THEY COULD NOT AFFORD SHOES".



THE GEORGE W. MORRIS FAMILY IN ABOUT 1940. GEORGE W., DON M., SARAH E, AND GEORGE D. MORRIS IN HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

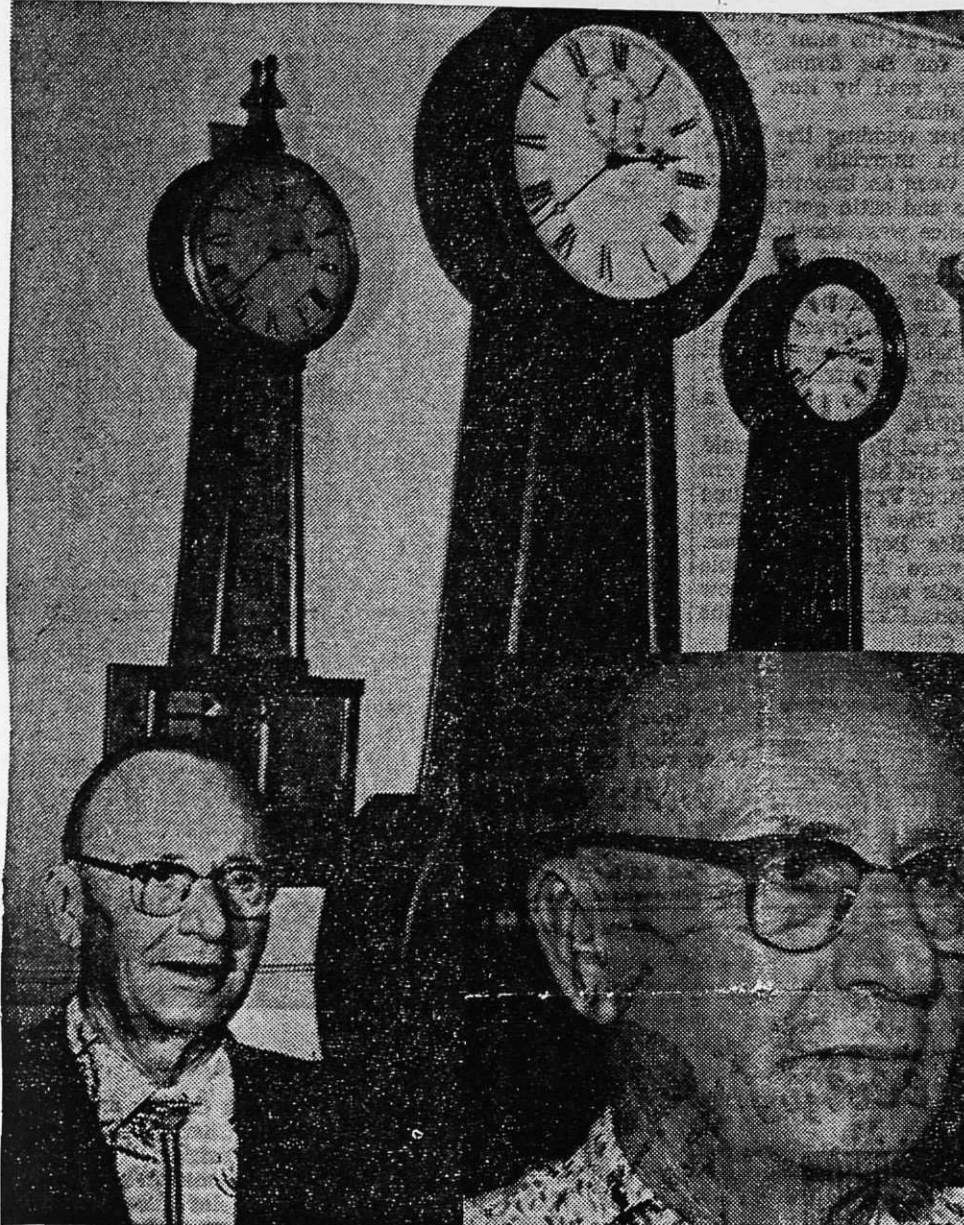


# Neighbors

Sunday Morning, September 3, 1961

Page 6, 8

**ANTIQUE CLOCKS** — George Morris stands in front of three of his prized possessions, antique banjo clocks. Two of them were made in Boston in the 18th Century. (P-B photo)



**WHALE VERTEBRA** — George Morris Jr. found this petrified wood and whale bone while digging near Puddingstone Dam. Morris Jr. majored in anthropology at Arizona.



# La Verne Man Dies Day After Retiring

LA VERNE—George W. Morris, who had just retired as operator of the Old Corral restaurant, died suddenly at 3 Sunday afternoon.

He and his wife had announced the day before that they were closing the restaurant at 1917 Foothill Blvd. after 17 years. They were preparing for a sale of a large collection of mustache cups, antique clocks and other items.

Mr. Morris apparently suffered a heart attack. A fire department resuscitator squad tried to revive him but was unsuccessful. Mr. Morris and his wife lived back of the restaurant.

Besides his widow, he is survived by a son, Don, of San Luis Obispo. Funeral services are being arranged by Todd Memorial Chapel, Pomona.

A TRIBUTE  
published in the pages of

ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL

JAN 3 0 1963

## Memorial Obituary

George Morris

CARLINVILLE — George Morris, 66, of Laverne, Calif., formerly of Carlinville, died Sunday at Laverne. Funeral services and burial will be in California.

He is survived by his widow, the former Elizabeth Daley of Gillespie; a son, Don of San Luis Obispo, Calif.; two brothers, Nelson of Carlinville, Lester of Alton; a sister, Mrs. Pearl Kessinger of Carlinville; and three grandchildren.

He was a veteran of World War I and a member of the undefeated 1914 football team at Carlinville High School.

## Obituary

GEORGE W. MORRIS

George W. Morris, 66, of 1917 Foothill Blvd., La Verne, died suddenly at his home Sunday. Death was apparently caused by a heart attack.

Mr. Morris retired as operator of the Old Corral restaurant Saturday. He had operated the restaurant for 17 years. He was born Sept. 6, 1896, in Carlinville, Ill. He moved to San Francisco in 1921, later lived in Hollywood and in 1944 moved to Claremont. He came to La Verne in 1946 when he and his wife opened the Old Corral.

Mr. Morris was a veteran of World War I and a member of the American Legion of La Verne.

Mr. Morris leaves his wife, Elizabeth; a son, Don M. Morris of San Luis Obispo; a sister, Mrs. Pearl Kessinger, and two brothers, Nelson Morris and Lester Morris, all of Carlinville; and three grandchildren. Another son, George D. Morris, died in July of 1962.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at 1:30 p.m. in Todd Memorial Chapel. Interment will be made in Ft. Rosecrans National Cemetery, San Diego.

Friends may make memorial contributions to the American Heart Association, 660 S. Western Ave., Los Angeles 5.

## GENERATION FOUR

George Daley "Dinty" Morris

b. May 30, 1921. Carlinville, Ill.

d. July 15, 1962, La Verne, Ca.

Don Monte Morris

b. 3/13/30 Hollywood, Ca.

m. 7-6-54, to Jean I. Maughmer in San Luis Obispo, Ca.

Jean Iris (Maughmer) Morris

b. June 1, 1930, San Luis Obispo, Ca.

m. July 6, 1954, to Don M. Morris in San Luis Obispo, Ca.

Lois Gertrude (Baur) Kessinger

1915-1933

Morris Wilfred Kessinger

(Gertrude Baur)

Now have one child and two grandchildren

Betty Love Kessinger

(Vernon Orval Easley)

Three children

James Nelson Kessinger

(Mary Ellen Jewell)

Six children

John Robert Kessinger

(Sally Louis Gill)

Five children

Shirley Marie Kessinger

(Albert L. Willis)

Three children

## Reminiscing of Granddad Morris

For Miles, Toni, Sarah, Katherine and Rachel: Here are some additional memories from your Granddad Don Monte Morris in his 65th year of life. (there are some other reminiscings in the Daley Family History Book).

For your enlightenment and amusement, I tried to think of an experience in my life that was the seminal moment between callow youth and thoughtful adult.

The "Boy to Man" time was around 1953-1954 when I was 23 years old and joined the NAVCAD ranks to try to become a Navy Pilot. (NAVCAD stands for Naval Aviation Cadet). I had just finished my second college degree and after some extensive testing and background checks, was admitted to the NAVCAD program. There were hundreds of young men in various stages of the training when I reported to Pensacola, Florida. Our class represented almost every race, creed, and geographical area in the United States and we had other cadets from France and England in our class. We had some great athletes and some very bright men from humble and wealthy backgrounds.

In our indoctrination they told us that pilots were needed for the heating up Korean conflict. They went on to say that some of us would be killed, some would DOR (Drop on Request) and a total of about 70% would wash out of the program for one reason or another. (Washing out ranged from -- can't take the pressure, get airsick during acrobatics, to can't do the academics, to just could not think fast enough to fly an airplane, but really the reasons were as numerous as the cadets who participated).

I won't go into all the details of this 18 month test of my manhood except to mention a few highlights. About half way through the program I wrote my Dad to tell him I was thinking of DOR, but by the time I got his answer back in the mail I had decided to get through the program no matter what it took. His response letter to me gave me all the rationalizations for dropping (the moral of this story is that we or our parents and friends can rationalize any action we want to take, but the final decisions about our lives rests with us).

During the pre-flight phase of the program we had some of the most sadistic Marine Sergeants that ever lived and they were responsible for our military indoctrination and military courtesy training so we would become officers and gentlemen. They loved to give us punishments for seemingly inconsequential actions. I realize now that they were a screen to



keep out those that would not make good officer material. Even the boxing matches were designed to test our courage in a semi-dangerous situation. I was young and really did enjoy the challenge and eventually in the last months of training I was promoted to Commandant of the whole Cadet Corp.

We went to a three month pre-flight which included classes on navigation, aerodynamics, competitive sports, and military life. (About 10 out of the 50 men in my class were washed out and sent to the fleet as enlisted men).

Now we were deemed ready for our first plane ride. A friend whose dad was a Navy Pilot got sick on every flight. Whether it was just nerves or was a jumpy stomach he could not control it. After about 10 flights he was washed out of the program. That night he was found hanged in his barracks room with a note to his dad that said he was sorry he had failed him. (The moral is don't take the discouragement's of life too seriously, just keep plugging along and good things will happen. My Mom had a good saying: "Everything happens for the best and usually leads to better things" - I believe this to be true).

I was transferred to Whiting Field for my first 20 flights with some very cross instructors and on the 19th flight I had a check flight and had to get the OK to solo. After a month of landings and take-off's, beginning acrobatics, and stalls with my instructor pilot, he had me taxi over to the tower and he got out. "Mr. Morris, take it around a couple of times and I will watch from down here". My first solo landing was such a pleasure for me it is hard to describe. Similar to having our first baby? Sort of like that feeling.

After that I made many other solo landings and takeoffs and finally was ready for solo flights of Acrobatics, formation flying, gunnery, cross country navigation, and some link trainer practice for real instrument flying. Aerobatics cause many of the cadets to get sick and drop out; we finally finished this part of the program when we could do barrel rolls, Immelmans, loops, and the forbidden snap rolls. I don't think I ever felt completely comfortable trying to twist the plane through the sky in an upside down position.

After instrument flying we were ready for our first night flight. Two things happened that shook my confidence. In a bus on our way to the flight line, with about 40 of us fledgling pilots, all of us were aware of a plane that had crashed the night before that had been towed over next to the road we were on. The Cadet Pilot had been killed in a most unusual fashion, he was



cut right in two parts, at his lower rib cage. The body was gone from the wreck but the blood had not been washed away. After that episode, on the rest of the ride out to the flight line we were a quiet, reflective bunch of first night flight pilots.

It was now time for our first night flight and we were strapped into our planes and taxiing out in a 30 plane line to the take-off runway, and it is dark and moonless. It is so dark that we could only see the exhaust flame of the plane in front of us and our cockpit lights. I am following the exhaust in front of me, swinging the planes from side to side (called S turns) so I can see over the nose of the airplane and keeping that crucial exhaust in sight. Suddenly the plane exhaust in front of me disappeared and it is pitch dark. Should I stop and hold every one up? or should I go ahead?

I did stop and called the tower (Which the training command did not like us to do, because there was only one radio channel and we were all on it). The gist of the story is that the pilot in the plane in front of me had been checking his pre-flight check off list and by mistake had pulled up his gear while he was still taxiing on the ground. His wheels had come up and his plane had dropped to the runway and his propeller had chewed up the taxi ramp in a major way. I'm glad I followed my hunch and did not taxi into the wreck of the plane in front of me. The rest of my night flights were uneventful (compared to the first night, that is).

The next major test was the formation flying and emergency landing procedures at Saufley Field. The danger increased expidientually as we were now required to fly close to another airplane that until now we were told to avoid at all costs.

At first we went up with an instructor pilot who showed us the proper procedure and what to look for as to the distance, position and angle we needed for safety. They did not like the fact that we soon had to take over and they had to sit in the back seat and watch us make mistakes so we could learn. After a couple of close calls they soon left it up to us to get the idea and not over-correct into the plane ahead, behind, above, below and to the left or right. They adjourned to the safety of their own airplane. This part of the program caused several more pilots to "drop on request". I think they did not want their life to depend on other student pilots who were flying about 3 feet away at 150 miles per hour. During the emergency landing phase of the training the instructor loved to pull off all power and tell you to pick a place and put it down because "Mr. Morris, you have just had a complete engine failure". This exercise made you very

conscious of always checking the ground and knowing where you could land the plane in case of an emergency.

One of the last tests, and a right of passage for me, was the required six carrier landings out in the Gulf of Mexico. We had been doing lots of short field landings and takeoffs at the field in Pensacola to prepare us for landings on the small Aircraft Carrier USS Monterey with a flight deck 623 feet long with nine arresting wires.

Some of the most vivid memories in my life are my first carrier landings in 1955. Like all the NAVCADS I wondered what it would be like to ride one of the Navy planes down the flight deck and into the sky or to come across the fantail and catch one of the arresting gear wires. I was soon to find out for real. We were taught that **Precision** was everything. That's what carrier flying is all about. That's the challenge. and the thrill.

A week before the day of carrier landings I was talking to one of the very few black cadets in the program. He said the Landing Ship's Officer (LSO) had waved him off because he was approaching the fantail too low for his landing and he would have crashed into the ship. They told him to go back to the practice field and get more proficient. The black cadet told me that it was racial prejudice and that he was a good pilot. The next day he crashed into some trees at the end of the practice runway and was killed. (I don't think prejudice was a factor, they were just trying to save his life. The moral is to gracefully accept comments and guidance when it is well meant).

After flying out into the Gulf of Mexico for about 30 miles I had my first look at the postage stamp they called a Navy Aircraft Carrier. As I turned into the final approach to my first carrier landing I checked my shoulder harness, the airspeed, the angle of attack, the line up on the centerline of the carrier deck, the wheels down and locked, the tail hook down, the proper degree of flaps down (The flaps change the shape of the wings and allow them to develop lift at lower airspeed, They also added drag, slowing the plane down), the prop pitch set, the proper altitude and speed, wings level, the stick in my right hand and the throttle in my left hand and the rudder beneath my feet, and most important, keep a close eye on the Landing Signal Officer (LSO) who stood on the side of the carrier landing area on a small platform with two paddles. His job was to give directive signals that could save my life. The LSO is the key among the myriad of other details to make a safe approach to the moving spot on the ocean. He is the one that gives you the high, low, or slow, and/or fast signals and

most important ,the signal to pull off the throttle and drop on the deck to have your tail hook catch a wire and be safe.

There was only now - this moment that was the focus of my whole life before now. Yes I did feel concerned, but my desire to accomplish this thing was stronger than the fear that gripped me. The experienced pilots told us that to stall the plane in the carrier approach was to die and that we should add five knots to our landing speed for ever family member. (I added ten knots for Jean and five for each of my parents). Some of the student pilots said they were so scared that they thought they would run out of oxygen before they got to the carrier.

I will never forget circling the carrier and looking down from 10,000 feet and thinking, again, that no one can land on that postage stamp. I slid the canopy back and the roar of the engine and the 140 mile per hour gale rushing by was unbelievable. My approach was OK as I tried to keep my nerve steady, my heart beat under control, an eye on my instruments, on the Paddle Officer, on the ship roll and pitch movement, and still control the power, flaps, altitude, stick, and rudder. Things did not look right because all the practice landings were on a ground level runway not sixty feet above the surface. I had never made a landing with my tail hook extended, so I was concerned that I would forget to drop it. I must have checked that it was down at least 3 times on the down wind leg. I was very grateful and relieved when I felt the plane hit the deck hard, my tail hook engage the wire and I was thrown forward against the shoulder straps. It is difficult to describe the elation I felt when my boots hit the deck, and I was safe and sound.

I did get it down on the deck and caught the wire with my tail hook. But it was getting dark and the sea was kicking up so they kept us aboard for the night and we were to finish the landings the next day. They bunked us next to the propeller shaft and I tossed and turned all night long. I reviewed the first landing minute by minute until I fell into exhausted sleep. The next morning before we were to fly off the carrier, we got to go up in the bridge (vulture perch) and watch the advanced pilots qualify in some higher powered planes (they were hellcats from the advanced training base at Corpus Christi, Texas). The first experienced pilot was launched on the steam catapult, and as I watched, the smoke bellowed out behind his locked wheel breaks. He had forgotten to unlock his breaks, he had jammed his feet down on the top of the rudder pedals, locking both breaks, and the catapult was pushing him down the deck and it looked like he did not have enough airspeed to fly. He disappeared from our view as he dropped toward the sea in front of the carrier. Then as we all leaned up



on tip toes to keep him in view we could see he still had flight but his wheels were dragging in the water. He did have the presence of mind to retract his wheels and seemed to stagger in the air just in front of the carrier. (I learned later that there is a cushion of air called "ground effect" caused by the ocean surface that adds a lifting force when you get about 10 feet above the sea - it saved his life). He did get it airborne, but it shook my confidence. I was just minutes away from my first carrier take off and here was an advanced student just barely avoiding getting killed.

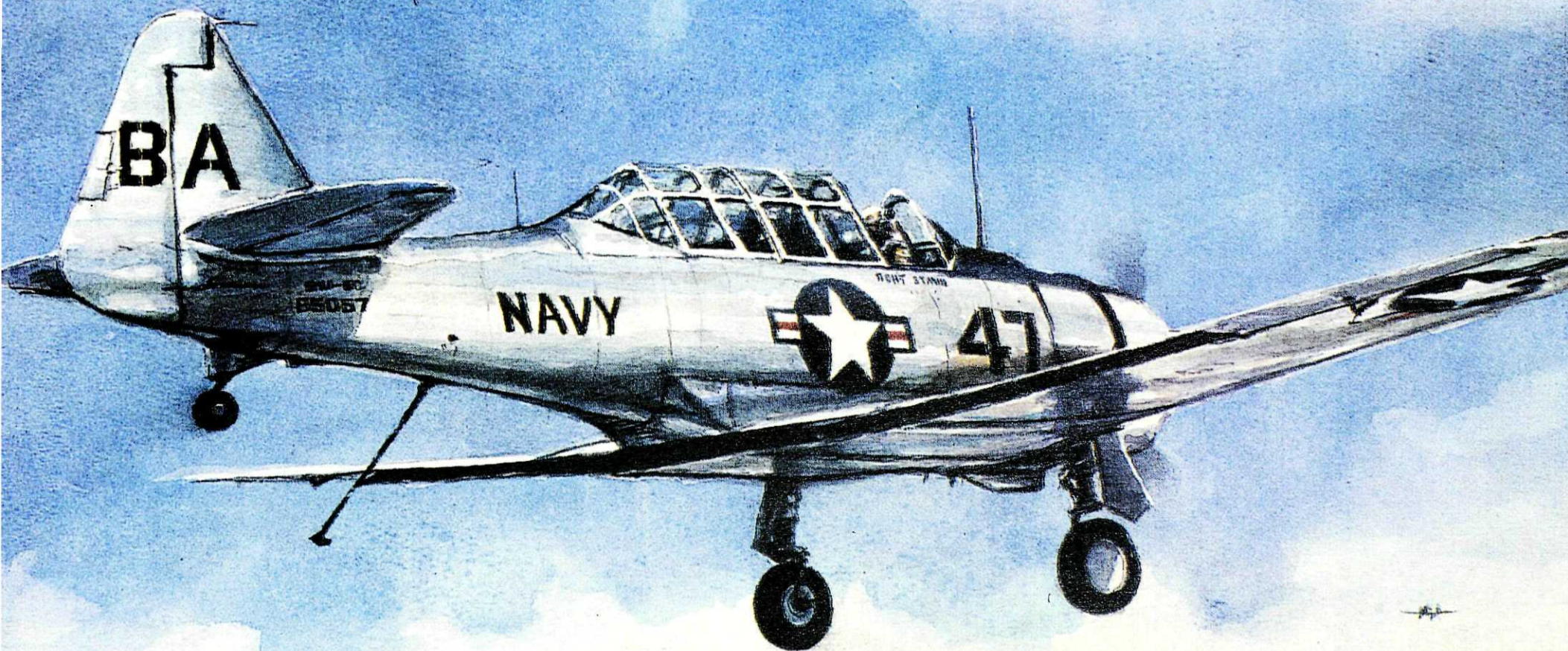
The Navy says that Carrier landings make us different from the Air Force. the Navy points out that our deck is rolling, pitching, bobbing and running away from us. And the carrier is never in the same place we left it. During the remaining landings and take off's my heart pounded furiously and my legs got rubbery, but the feeling of exhilaration and dread remained long after I was down and safe. It is an adrenaline rush you can't imagine. The Navy likes to say landing on a carrier is a controlled crash and that is true. Indeed, stress monitors hooked up to Navy pilots during the Viet Nam war showed that the tension involved in the landing on a carrier exceeds even that of being in aerial combat and facing fire from the enemy. They say there is nothing known to man that is more stressful. But when you are young you think you are immortal, and that gives a person enough confidence to exceed their limitations.

One last phase was to be accomplished and that was flying to Hutchinson, Kansas, and doing the land navigation by the stars phase of the program. This went very well and we took shots of the stars from the bubble at night and navigated over 2,000 miles by the star shots and completed the required program.

After all this I was congressionally certified to be a gentleman and an officer in the United States Navy. I was proud to have met the challenge and survived. These impressions will remain with me all the days of my life.

During this life experience I thought that a man's fate is not in his control. We tend to be under the illusion that we can control our destinies - that the choices we made do make a difference. After this experience it seems chance rules our lives. The vagaries of chance, fate, fortune, whatever you wish to call it, sets the hook and pulls the strings and we quiver and flail, and fight. Maybe pray. I don't think praying helps very much. I did it anyway, just in case.





THIS PAINTING REPRESENTS  
CDR. DON MORRIS' FIRST CARRIER  
LANDING ON THE USS MONTEREY,  
IN 1954, IN SNJ-5.





Other experiences I would like to tell you about when you get older:

Ushering at Hollywood Park, Del Mar, Olympic Auditorium

Chief in the Navy, when I was a Seaman Recruit

Trolley car for teeth care

Run for Student Body President at Chaffey High School

Cheerleader at Mt. San Antonio Jr. College.

Life was sports, still enjoy, Knee injury, Led world record holder over 5 hurdles, 2nd in nation in 400 m hurdles for 18 and under, 3rd in nation in highs and lows.

Washing airplanes for flight lessons

Attending 6 or 7 elementary schools and two high schools

Teacher slapped me

Got serious about studying when I met Jean

Follow threads of sports, Navy, family, jobs (magazine salesman, weeded, clothing store representative, Camel cigarette representative. speaker and paid by the number of people in the audience, Driver Training Instructor, First teaching job at Morro Bay High School, U.S. Navy, etc.)

Dad's death

Chicken and survival

Airship landing and broken gas tank, duty landing story

Panty raids

Recruited for track skill and going to Cal Poly

The Dilbert Dunker, and French Cadets off the diving board

Flying the instruments- in the link.

Story about Navy Capt. getting his flight time.

Death at Pismo lake

A glimpse into the abyss-my accident at Lakehurst, NJ

Raw fuel in the Airship, and ground handling

Becoming a Yellow Dog

Initiation into the Cal Poly Athletic Club "Block P".

Work experiences that include Panty raids, Serving on courts-martial boards, measuring girls short shorts at Cal Poly,

Viet Nam protesters at UCLA,

Living in Cal Poly's Hell Diver and working for food.

Coaching Basketball, Bowling, and racquetball.

Poly Rats

Victim in Moscow, Russia,

Spain and the Gypsies,

Theft in Belgium,

Capt. Loof Lirpa,  
Working at the Prison  
Going to the 10 major sporting events in the world  
Senior Olympics  
The worlds five greatest Museums  
The feeling of breaking a wild bull into a domesticated husband and father.  
of the most memorable events in my life and some near death experiences.

What makes a person take a certain path as they wend their way through life?

The age old debate about genetics Verses environment looms large in any discussion that attempts to clarify this most difficult idea to get your mind around. This concept of outside factors that drive your life. (Or are you really in charge of your fate-as the Existentialist say). I can make a good case for both sides of this issue and in fact in my youth gave several sermons on "Is it fate or the will of Man".

Just looking at my one life out of the four billion people alive today in the world would indicate it is a combination of your own will and drive and the gifts that you were born with.







Reminiscences about Grandmother Jean Morris for her  
Grandchildren (by Granddad Don Morris)

Jean Iris (Maughmer) Morris is a private person but in order to give you grandchildren a glimpse of her life, I am writing a few notes about her for your insight.

Grandmother Jean was born in San Luis Obispo, California. on June 1, 1930. She was the third of five children born to Morris and Theresa Maughmer. There was a 27 year spread between your Great Uncle Jack, the oldest, and the youngest, Great Uncle Steven. Your other Great Uncles are Bob and Terry.

She attended schools in San Luis Obispo and was President of the Girls' Athletic Association, Student Body Secretary and a song girl and was a member of the California Scholastic Honor Society. Upon graduation from high school she considered becoming an airline stewardess or going to work for Union Oil Company. Her teachers recommended her to Union Oil Company and she became a switchboard operator, steno-clerk, and then stenographer in the San Luis Obispo Pipeline Office.

As you might know, we met at Avila Beach when I was a student at Cal Poly when we were both 20 years old. I courted Jean for about two years and asked her to marry me, but she wanted to wait to get married till I had graduated from Cal Poly and then after graduation, until I finished flight training. (Flight Cadets could not be married until they got their wings of Gold and an Officer's commission).

We were separated by about 3,000 miles for about 18 months and were married at Jean's folks house in San Luis Obispo on July 6, 1954. All of our families were in attendance. (True love does make the heart grow fonder). Immediately after the ceremony we got in Jean's new car (The Red Devil) and drove about 3,000 miles across the United States to Glenco, Georgia; so I could check-in when my orders required.

We had an idyllic honeymoon during the next 6 months as I learned to fly Airships. Our daughter Karen Elizabeth (named after my mom and Jean's mother) was conceived in Glenco and born in Lakehurst, New Jersey, where we spent about 1-1/2 happy years).

Upon our return to civilian life in 1957 Jean was pregnant with Cliff Michael and flew ahead with 17 month old Karen to San Luis Obispo to stay with her folks, while I later drove the car and our household goods when I

JEAN (MAUGHMER) MORRIS  
~~AS A YOUNG WORKING WOMAN~~  
 AROUND 1950



*High School  
 graduation 1948*



JEAN MORRIS  
 WITH A NEW HAT AND GOING  
 TO A DODGER GAME IN L.A.  
 1965



JEAN AND DON MORRIS  
 JUST MARRIED AND LEAVING  
 FOR ~~SEA ISLAND~~, GEORGIA  
*St. Simon's* 1954

was released from the Navy in March. Cliff was born on March 9, 1957. A few years later Sharon Marie blessed the Morris house on June 11, 1962.

About this time Jean became interested in earning a degree and by the time we moved to Simi Valley she had earned several college units. At the age of 35 she completed her AA degree from Moorpark College, where she had the highest grade point average in her graduating class (3.9 GPA as I remember).

Upon our return to San Luis Obispo Jean was dedicated to the rearing of three children, loving her husband and to getting an advanced degree. She soon earned her Cal Poly Bachelor of Arts degree in English with a minor in History (with the second highest GPA in her graduating class at the University). Still motivated she then earned her Master's Degree in Education with a 4.0 GPA at the age of 41. (Grandmother Jean is very smart and I hope you inherited some of these genes).

Jean then earned her Community College Teaching Credential and worked part time at Cuesta College as an instructor in Business Education.

After three years she looked for a full time job and became a Legal Assistant, then Office Administrator for a local Attorney who worked in the field of Civil Law, taxes, rentals and the development of computer software. After eight years Grandma Jean took a year's leave, as I was fortunate to get a one year sabbatical from Cal Poly that allowed us to travel throughout 22 European countries. (Where she made arrangements not only for the trip but also for our daughters Karen and Sharon to visit us for a couple of weeks). Jean has made all of the arrangements for trips to China, Russia, New Zealand (to visit our daughter Karen), the Panama Canal, several trips to Hawaii (where our children toured with us) and Caribbean and Mexican coast cruises, where we were able to take Sharon, Cliff and Karen on separate cruises.

Grandmother Jean has been the perfect wife, friend, mother, daughter, daughter-in-law, student, teacher, employee, supervisor. She is a very loving, honest and loyal person with great character, joyful and happy, with a wonderful sense of humor and common sense.

She is an exceptional cook, well known for her Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for as many as 25 family members, as well as her cookies and pies.



JEAN IRIS (MAUGHMER) MORRIS  
TOP GRADUATE MOORPARK  
COLLEGE  
1969

*We are very  
proud of our  
wife + mother  
Don, Karen  
+  
Sharon*

May 28, 1969



MRS. JEAN MORRIS  
Top Graduate

# 114 GRADUATE ON JUNE 13

UCSB Chancellor Cheadle  
Commencement Speaker

Just one story about Grandmother Jean, tells a lot about her fortitude and strength and sense of rightness.

About thirty years ago, we were on the Cal Poly campus for Poly Royal with all of the children. Hundreds of crazed Iranian students who had gathered from throughout California began marching in protest over the arrest of two Cal Poly Iranian students for not dispersing when asked to by the Campus Police.

They were chanting, "Death to President Kennedy" (the Pres. of Cal Poly at that time) and "Death to the Shah", and were strung out in a line about 3/4th of a mile long, two and three abreast.

I had taken the children and moved to the side of the road to watch these nuts march by, but when I looked back for Jean she was walking in the street, facing the hundreds of students chanting and marching toward her. Before I could pick up the children and return, the Iranian students had surrounded Grandmother Jean. It now became apparent that this one lady by standing in the road had caused the flow of angry students to go around her. It was like a rock in a stream. She stayed in the middle of the road until the last student swerved and went by her. When later I talked to her about not following me and the children to the side she said, "I have as much right to be on the road as those students."

There are plenty of stories about Grandmother Jean, but sometime when she is available, ask her about (1) starting her education so late in life and being an exceptionally successful older student, (2) helping Granddad earn his various degrees, (3) raising three children to successful, loving adults and keeping such a good relationship with them, (4) goal setting and then completing those goals, (5) being respected by all who know her, (6) how intelligent her whole family is and the great accomplishments of her and her brothers, and (7) initiating most of the good things in the life of the Morris family. And the list goes on-----.

## GENERATION FIVE

Karen Elizabeth (Morris) Belick  
b. 10-23-55, Lakehurst, N.J.  
m. 7-22-87, to Stephen Belick at  
Fern Grotto, Kauai, Hawaii

Stephen Andrew Belick  
b. 10-28-56, San Jose, Ca.  
m. 7-22-87, Karen Morris at Fern Grotto,  
Kauai, Hawaii

Cliff Michael Morris  
b. 3-9-57, San Luis Obispo, Ca.

Sharon Marie (Morris) Ashley  
b. 6-11-62, San Luis Obispo, Ca.  
m. 9-14-87, Mark A. Ashley on Barbados  
Island in the Caribbean

Mark Jackson Ashley  
b. 7-16-50, Birmingham, Ala.  
m. 9-14-87, Sharon Morris on Barbados  
Island in the Caribbean

AND OTHERS FROM THE KESSINGER FAMILIES WHO ARE  
NOT DETAILED HERE BUT WHOSE FAMILIES MAY WISH  
TO FURTHER DEVELOP THEIR OWN HISTORIES.



# 90 years after Adm. Dewey holds Manila Bay Sarah Dailey Morris has birthday celebration



SARAH D. MORRIS celebrated her 90th birthday with family and friends in July. From left, Jean Morris, daughter-in-law from San Luis Obispo; Sharon M. Ashley, granddaughter from San Luis Obispo; Cliff M. Morris, grandson from San Diego; Pat Morris of Leisure World, and Dr. Don M. Morris, son from San Luis Obispo.

When Sarah Daley (Pat) Morris of Mutual 11, was born on July 14, 1898, the headline in the New York Times was about Admiral Dewey holding Manila Bay in the Philippines.

Ninety years later Morris celebrated her birthday at Leisure World with her son and daughter-in-law, Don M. and Jean Morris, her grandchildren, Karen Belick of Santa Cruz, Cliff Morris of San Diego and Sharon Ashley of San Luis Obispo, and friends.

Thirty people attended the celebration including the following Leisure World neighbors: Doris Spoon, Louise Miller, Viola McKirahan, Art Grandfield, Margie Rainville, Carrie Lee Tucker, Lola Howard, Gerie Green, Henretta Schlepplly, Carmen Johnson, Hattie Jacobs, Ruth Kennedy, Charlie and Tillie Koras, Alta Babcock, Maxine and Bill Georgeson, Verlyn Dakken, Louise Ashby, Olga Noble and Helen Nixon.

Out of town guests included Lucy Ward, Frances Cummings, Michelle Pites, Alice Gregory, Edythe Davis and Zue Hall.

Pat Morris is one of the original residents of



## ANOTHER FAMILY VACATION IN MEXICO

KAREN, CLIFF, GRANDMOTHER PAT,  
DON AND SHARON



## CHRISTMAS EVE 1983 MAZATLAN, MEXICO

DON, GRANDMOTHER PAT, JEAN,  
CLIFF, AND KAREN.



## NOTES TO THE GRANDCHILDREN ON YOUR MOTHERS AND UNCLE

It seems only appropriate that you should get a little information on your Moms (Karen Morris Belick and Sharon Morris Ashley) and Uncle Cliff Morris from the parents that raised them into the responsible adults and parents that you know today.

### KAREN ELIZABETH MORRIS

Our first child was born in Lakehurst, New Jersey, at the Naval Air Station on October 23, 1955, at 6:28 p.m. She was nineteen inches long and was a dainty six pounds, 14 ounces. Jean was very brave during this pregnancy. It was the first, and she was in a new world of the Navy. After Karen's birth Jean had a very painful earache and after two days someone finally called the doctor. When we got Karen home the winter winds began to blow. The cloth diapers were hung outside to dry and usually froze solid on the clothes line. We made lots of baby pictures of our first baby and your mother has several movies that were converted to videos of Karen's first years. Karen was a delightful baby, full of laughter and smiles for her parents.

We returned to San Luis Obispo when Karen was about one and one half years old and we lived in a small house on Lawrence Drive. I returned to school on the GI bill and survived on our Navy savings and various jobs that I could get. (YMCA Cambria Camp Asst. Director, Asst. to the Cal Poly Housing Director). It was one of the happiest times of my life. Karen was a sweet baby.

I was promoted to the Housing Director position and then we moved into a two bedroom house on campus so I could supervise the 3,000 students who lived around us. In effect, most all of Karen's life before elementary school was lived on the Cal Poly campus. We then moved to Princeton Place and Karen started school. She was a lovely child and walked about three blocks to Teach Elementary School on her own.

The family moved to Simi Valley and Karen went on to Katherine Elementary School and Tapa Junior High School where she had many friends, and then the move back to San Luis Obispo where she attended San Luis Obispo High School. While in her senior year in high school Karen and some of her friends moved into an apartment in town. During this time she



CADET DON MORRIS  
AFTER COMPLETING HIS  
CARRIER LANDINGS  
QUALIFICATIONS-1953



1965 SIMI VALLEY PHOTO OF CLIFF,  
KAREN AND LITTLE SISTER SHARON  
"THE BEST OF TIMES"



worked at a bakery and held a waitress position at a burger place called Scrubby and Lloyds.

Upon graduation (June 1973) Karen attended Cuesta Community College where she took General Education courses and graduated in 1976. While attending Jr. College she held a variety of jobs such as pie baker and hostess at Sam's Restaurant, flower sales person, College Maintenance Office Clerk, Sebastian's Restaurant assistant bookkeeper and College Security Officer. She then transferred to Cal Poly where she majored in Sociology and worked as a student groundskeeper. She was determined to go away to experience life and she went to the University of California at Irvine and majored in Social Ecology (the study of human's behavior in their environment). Karen worked as a student groundskeeper at U.C. Irvine and as a bartender at John's Inn. Her income was enough to supplement "The Morris Family Scholarship" money that paid for her books and tuition and paid a stipend for the number of units she took. In her senior year Karen's research work took her to Planned Parenthood as a counselor and to Silverado Elementary School as a nature trail organizer. Karen graduated in December 1979 from U.C. Irvine.

Upon graduation from UCI, Karen wanted to see the world and traveled to Fiji, Australia and New Zealand for nine months with a girl friend, where she worked at several jobs, including roustabout (cleaning wool for a group of Maori workers who traveled from farm to farm to shear sheep), picked crops, and was a hotel maid and waitress. We went over to visit her in Christchurch, New Zealand, and we had a wonderful time traveling together for a week.

When Karen returned home she wanted to work up in the Santa Cruz area and took a job as a grounds person at the University of California at Santa Cruz, where she worked from April 1981 to June 1986. She also held a Resident Preceptor (Dorm Mom) position from September 1984 to June 1986. Karen injured her knee and began to look for less physically demanding work. She was then hired at UCSC as a Housing Coordinator and worked her way up to being in charge of one of the College's housing programs (Residential Life Coordinator).

Karen and Steve Belick met in July 1985 and love bloomed. They were married at the Fern Grotto in Kauai, Hawaii, July 22, 1987.

Karen continued to work at UCSC and their son Miles Morris Belick was born November 29, 1988, at 8:30 p.m. (7 lbs., 6 oz. and 21 inches long). Karen returned to work, but when Toni Danica Belick was born on August 4,



SWEET KAREN  
GETTING READY FOR A GOOD  
NIGHTS SLEEP-1961



KAREN  
ALWAYS LOVED  
THE FAMILY CATS-1963



KAREN MORRIS  
TAKING GOOD CARE OF HER  
LITTLE ~~BROTHER CLIFF~~ 1958  
*SISTER SHARON*  
1963



1952 AT THE OLD  
CORRAL RESTAURANT  
GEORGE D. MORRIS, PAT  
MORRIS, DON M. MORRIS  
AND GEORGE W. MORRIS

1990 at 6:40 p.m. (7 lbs., 1/2 oz., 21 inches long) Karen decided to become a full time mom. Karen has been very active in her neighborhood activities and in getting the children to play groups and Kindergarten on time. Karen presently works at the Watsonville Public Library on a part time temporary basis and works as a volunteer aid in Miles' classroom, where Toni accompanies her and works as diligently as the enrolled children.

Karen has traveled with us on all kinds of trips, the topper being the cruise ship trip to the Panama Cannel. We had stops in Mexico, Panama, Colombia, and several Caribbean Islands including Aruba. Then again the visit with us in Spain, Portugal, with Sharon, and the Rock of Gibraltar and Morocco, Africa adventure has to run a close second. We also went to the Los Angeles Olympics and other sporting events. Karen, being older, had to keep an eye on her brother and sister on the numerous Navy trips we took together. I can remember how happy she was when at one stop on a cross country trip a young man came up to her and said out of the blue "Hi, Foxy Lady". It made that day of travel a lot of fun. I should mention the trip to <sup>New Zealand</sup> Australia to be with Karen for the last few weeks of her graduation trip. It was another memorable experience for all of us.

A FATHER'S PREDICTIONS: KAREN AND STEVE WILL RAISE TWO WONDERFUL CHILDREN. KAREN WILL GO BACK TO FULL TIME EMPLOYMENT AND STEVE WILL CONTINUE HIS EDUCATION AND WORK PART TIME IN SOME FINANCIAL FIELD AND ALSO WORK HIS WAY UP THE PROMOTION LADDER UNTIL HE IS ONE OF THE TOP ADMINISTRATORS IN SANTA CRUZ COUNTY.

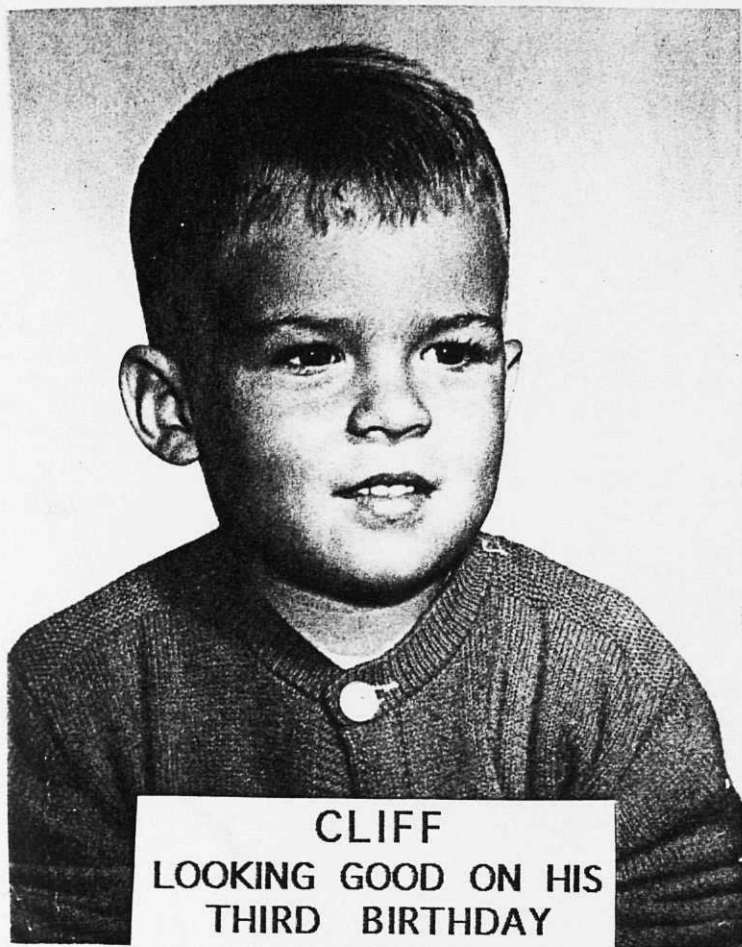
### CLIFF MICHAEL MORRIS

Our son was born on March 9, 1957, at the Sierra Vista Hospital in San Luis Obispo, California. He weighed in at seven and one-half pounds, 19 inches long.

I remember Jean waiting till the last minute for me to drive her to the hospital (She was very brave). We wanted Cliff to have a good boy's name and probably if I had it to over again I would have named him after my father (George). So, Cliff, it was close on a name change for you. Karen was very interested in her new little brother, but was not sure what part he would play in the family.

After Cliff started Teach Elementary School we moved to Simi Valley Unified School District where I was a Principal of the Adult School. (The main reason we moved to Simi Valley was to allow me to attend the University of California at Los Angeles and work toward my Doctorate).





CLIFF  
LOOKING GOOD ON HIS  
THIRD BIRTHDAY

CLIFF MORRIS  
READY TO GO FOR THE BIG SWIM  
1959 (PHOTO BY GRANDDAD MAUGHMER)



CLIFF  
SCARES THE NEIGHBORS ON  
HALLOWEEN 1960



CLIFF MORRIS THE GOLDEN BABY  
ALREADY SHOWS SIGNS OF BEING A GOOD STUDENT  
1957 (PHOTO BY GRANDDAD MORRIS MAUGHMER)

Cliff was a good elementary student, roamed the mountains and fields around our Simi Valley house with his friends. One of the most memorable happenings was when Cliff and a neighbor boy, David Girard, went up in the Santa Susana Mountains, and the other child fell off a ledge and broke both his wrists and his leg. Cliff ran all the way home and got the parents. He certainly saved the boy a lot of agony and acted in a heroic manner for a ten year old.

Cliff swam in the Girard's pool, delivered papers, mowed lawns, earned money by raising chickens and selling the eggs, took part in the multitude of neighborhood activities that included hundreds of kids participating in our Easter egg hunts. Cliff participated in flag football, baseball and ran track in Simi Valley. I remember he won a regional meet in Ventura and went to a big meet in Los Angeles where some kid that needed a shave beat this 11 year old child.

About this time I was elected to be the President of the Simi Valley Parks and Recreation District, and I took Cliff to talk to the District golf professional. After having Cliff take a lot of golf swings from the left and right side, he recommend that Cliff, although ambidextrous, should golf left handed. Cliff has turned into a fine 6 handicap golfer, but that advice made him a south paw from that moment (just like his Dad).

When Cliff was about twelve years old I got a new job at Cal Poly, and we returned to San Luis Obispo and bought a home on Stanford Drive. This was a great neighborhood to raise children and there were plenty of kids to play with. Cliff became the fastest boy on the block and it began to appear that he might be a fast runner. We had some great block parties, potucks, with all the neighbors attending and that included frog races (frogs from the creek behind our house) and prizes for lots of events. Cliff helped set up the movies for kids on the block and participated in periodic competition of running- or three legged races or smaller Easter egg hunts.

Cliff finished elementary school and went to the San Luis Obispo Jr. High School and when the new Laguna Jr. HS opened up, he transferred to the brand new school. He became interested in the basketball program and made the team. They were about 23-3 in his ninth grade. He was successful in track, but they had to bus the Jr. HS kids to the High School to work out. He also played football in the ninth grade and was an outstanding wide receiver and safety. He had the longest gain of the year for the team on a pass play. Unfortunately, he developed Osgood-Slaughter disease in his knees that cut short his football career.



I remember reading a track book that said leg speed was the key to a great sprinter, so I took Cliff over to the HS track to see if he could meet the leg speed requirements. I think he had to run 100 yards in 23 strides. He did it and that helped launch his track career. While in High School, Cliff also competed on the golf team, cross country, basketball and ran track, where he was most successful.

Cliff ran many heroic races during his High School days and the ones I remember out of a probable hundred meets we attended, included the time he hit the last hurdle in the 330 yard low hurdles in the conference finals. He fell flat, but got up and finished with blood running down his knee and leg. As I remember, he won the San Luis Obispo County Championship in the highs and lows and the long jump and triple jump. He was one of eight 330 yard hurdlers in California invited to compete in the prestigious Arcadia, California Invitational where a national High School record was set during the race. I always liked Cliff's attitude about exhaustive workouts, and it stood him in good stead as he would run the 330 yard low hurdles, the 120 yard high hurdles, enter the long jump, triple jump and run a leg on the mile and sometimes the 440 yard relay team. This was a time of great development toward becoming a man.

Cliff held many jobs during his growing up, but some of the most interesting were the summer picking job in the Hawaiian pineapple fields in Maui when he was 16 and the next year he went back to work in the fields, but ended up as a waiter in a Lahaina, Maui restaurant.

Upon graduation from high school Cliff attended Cuesta Junior College. He had his greatest success in track at Cuesta College, where he devoted himself to his athletic career. He lifted weights and earned money as the weight room supervisor while working nights in a local restaurant. He ran many events, but his specialty was the 400 meter hurdles, placing 2nd in the California Small Schools' State Championship Track Meet and qualified for the National Jr. AAU track meet in Tennessee for athletes 18 years and under. He made it to the semi-finals with a school record time. (As an example you had to high jump 7'2" to qualify). This was a great time for all of us. In his sophomore year at Cuesta College he was in the best shape of his life and looking forward to the conference and State track meets. He had a pain in his side and ran in spite of it for several weeks. Finally, he went to the doctor and they operated on and removed his appendix three nights before the state meet. That was the end of his promising track career.

Upon graduation from Cuesta College, Cliff decided to experience "real life" for several years. For the next summer Cliff worked as a chair car porter on Amtrak and traveled the Western U.S. via the trains. He then moved to South Lake Tahoe, where he worked his way through the ranks and became the food and beverage manager at the largest ski area in the nation, Heavenly Valley. Cliff was able to ski every day, competed in downhill, giant slalom, and mogul events. After Tahoe, Cliff decided to complete his education at San Diego State University. He got his BS degree in Business Administration, specializing in Real Estate, and upon graduation went to work for a commercial real estate firm in San Diego. While pursuing his real estate career, Cliff was elected to serve on the Aztec Athletic Foundation Board of Directors at SDSU and the National Multiple Sclerosis Board of Directors and served on the National Easter Seals Telethon. Cliff learned the commercial real estate business and got his California State License, and then returned to San Luis Obispo where he set up his own business. Although he was successful, he decided to take his business to Bend, Oregon, where he studied for and earned his Brokers' License. His business has flourished while specializing in the brokerage of large single tenant commercial properties nationwide and Cliff purchased his first home.

The family had some great trips together but the ones that stand out with Cliff are the Cruise to the Caribbean. Cliff was a good looking young man and got a lot of attention from the young women passengers. We stopped at Jamaica and did some snorkeling in the beautiful waters off the Caymans. Other trips included the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, many trips to major sporting events and several trips to Mexico and Hawaii (when Cliff worked in Maui) and other times when he went to visit or play golf in Hawaii. Cliff was a great traveler on the numerous trips with us in the Navy. We tried to stay at military bases to cut down on the expenses. We were able to play basketball at many of the bases and on our Christmas trip to Puerto Vallarta, Mexico.

**A father's prediction:** Cliff will continue in the commercial real estate business. He will get married and have two fine athletic children. He will branch out and become an investor in real estate (residential and commercial). He may become the most "worldly goods" successful Morris/Daley descendent, but he will have to go some to top his great great grandfather Henry Daley. (Note Henry Daley section of history).



1988 XMAS AT GRANDMOTHER SARAH MORRIS' HOUSE IN SEAL BEACH, CALIF.  
DON AND JEAN MORRIS IN HATS, CLIFF HOLDING MILES MORRIS, STEVE  
AND KAREN (MORRIS) BELICK, AND SHARON (MORRIS) AND MARK ASHLEY.





## SHARON MARIE (MORRIS) ASHLEY

Was born on June 11, 1962, in the Sierra Vista Hospital in San Luis Obispo, California. At her birth she weighed eight pounds and was 21 inches long. We remember her as a wonderful child, loving, intelligent and beautiful. Do we sound like proud parents or what?

We had a three bedroom house on Princeton Place and at first she had her own room. We were fortunate to live in a great school district and she attended Teach Elementary School where she was an excellent student, in the Melodiers and Camp Fire Girls.

Sharon then went to Laguna Junior. High School where she participated in track and field. I well remember when she was about 13 years old she participated in an all school track meet and her girls' relay team beat the boys' relay team. It was traumatic for the boys, but the girls were very jubilant. I think this is on the video I gave your Mom and some day she may share it with you.

Sharon had several girl friends that would spend the night periodically and she spent a lot of energy keeping up with her friends and watching the boys. She also played the Easter Bunny in costume at this time in her life.

When Sharon went to High School she became interested in swimming and made the team. About this time she worked as a pot scrubber, bus girl, and waitress in a couple of downtown restaurants. After two years at the High School she passed the GED test and was able to transfer over to Cuesta College when she was just 17 years of age. This turned out to be a brilliant move as she became a dedicated student, and made the Cuesta College Swim Team. Although she was two or three years younger than the other students, she fit in perfectly and was very happy. She earned money by being a Camp Counselor for the Camp Fire Girls and lifeguard at the Cuesta College pool, and as a county lifeguard at Lopez Lake. She graduated from Cuesta College as the youngest graduate in the 1981 class.

Upon graduation she decided to go to the University of California at San Diego where she majored in Psychology. After one semester she was homesick for San Luis Obispo and her old friends, so she returned to Cal Poly State University where she majored in Recreation Administration. She decided not to live at home and we were able to work out an arrangement that had worked well with Cliff and Karen. We paid all tuition and books and gave her a certain amount based on the number of units she



**SHARON MORRIS**  
SHOWS THE SAME LOOK AS HER  
DAUGHTER KATHERINE-1963



**SHARON MORRIS**  
SHOWS EARLY BEAUTY  
1964

**JEAN IRIS MORRIS**  
AND NEW BABY SHARON  
1962



took each quarter. Sharon worked as a swimming instructor at Avila Hot Springs, gave private swimming lessons, and worked at Fanny Wrappers. She also worked in the University Registrar's Office to supplement her income. She also took out student loans to make ends meet.

Upon graduation from the University in 1985 Sharon was twenty two years old. She got a job at Cuesta College in the Community Service Division of the Public Affairs Office and then worked again at Fanny Wrappers. About this time she met Mark, and they were married in 1987 on the Island of Barbados. She was then working as the Manager for The Fine Jewelry Department at Gottschalk's department store in SLO. Sharon went back to Cal Poly for her Elementary Teaching Credential. Again she worked at Gottschalks as the manager of the Fine Jewelry Department to supplement her income, and finally got her teaching credential in 1988.

About this time she became pregnant. She had to leave her job and stay in bed for about 2 and a half months. Sarah Elizabeth was born on February 28, 1989 (8 lbs. 9 oz., 21 inches long) at Sierra Vista Hospital in San Luis Obispo, California.

Mark was working as a Real Estate Agent and they lived in Los Osos. After Sarah was born, Sharon's search for a teaching job began in earnest. An opening was found in the South Lake Tahoe School District at Meyers Elementary School that started that week. We helped Sharon get settled into a motel and helped her decorate her classroom, while Mark tied up his job, took care of baby Sarah, and packed all of their belongings in a truck for the trip to Lake Tahoe.

Sharon is a very successful third grade teacher and was given tenure at the beginning of her third year. Mark started taking classes to earn his teaching credentials and upon completion of the requirements, he started work on his Master's Degree while substitute teaching.

Katherine Hays was born on January 27, 1994 (8 lbs. 9 oz., 21 inches long) in South Lake Tahoe Memorial Hospital, South Lake Tahoe, California. Since the birth of Katherine Hays Ashley, Mark has been full-time teaching a 5th grade class at Virginia Palmer Elementary School in Sun Valley, and driving about 2 hours each way in and out of the Tahoe Basin to get to his classroom. Their third daughter arrived on February 17, 1995 and is named Rachel Eleanor Ashley (7 lbs. 4 oz. and 19 inches long) She was also born at the Memorial Hospital in South Lake Tahoe, California.



Over the years we have had some wonderful trips with our children, but the one with Sharon that stands out is the trip to Europe in 1985 when I was on my year's sabbatical from Cal Poly. Sharon and Karen met us in Lisbon, Portugal, and we traveled throughout Portugal, Spain, Gibraltar, and even flew to Algiers, Morocco in Africa. We had a good time and with our two beautiful daughters we attracted lots of attention from the European men. I remember a whole truck load of Spanish army men piling out of their truck to help Sharon and Karen push us up a slippery, iced hill side in Avila, Spain.

Other memorable trips with Sharon included the Olympic Games in Montreal, Canada, the Olympic Games in Los Angeles, California, our ship board cruise along the West Coast of Mexico and several flying trips to Mexico. In the summers we traveled extensively to get to my Navy duty, including trips to Annapolis, Maryland; Middleton, Tennessee; and many trips to Coronado Island and the San Diego area. (We all loved to go to the horse races and often went to Mexico during these outings).

A father's prediction: Sharon and Mark will bring up three wonderful, intelligent children who will go on to bring them pride and honor. Sharon will go on to get her Doctorate and teach at a University and Mark will do the same.



THE 1990 MORRIS FAMILY AT SHELL BEACH, CALIF. MARK, SHARON (MORRIS) AND SARAH ASHLEY, DON AND JEAN MORRIS, KAREN (MORRIS), TONI, STEVE AND MILES BELICK, AND CLIFF MORRIS.



## GENERATION SIX

Miles Morris Belick

b. 11-29-88, Santa Cruz, Ca.

Toni Danica Belick

b. 8-4-90, Santa Cruz, Ca.

Sarah Elizabeth Ashley

b. 2-28-89, San Luis Obispo, Ca.

Katherine Hays Ashley

b. 1-27-94, South Lake Tahoe, Ca.

Rachel Eleanor Ashley

b. 2-17-95, South Lake Tahoe, Ca.



ALL OF OUR HOPES AND THE FUTURE  
OF THE FAMILY NAME ARE ON THE  
SHOULDERS OF THIS NEXT  
GENERATION OF CHILDREN AND  
THOSE GENERATIONS TO COME.

WE WISH THEM AND THEIR PARENTS  
HAPPINESS, GOOD FORTUNE, GOOD  
HEALTH AND SUCCESS AS THEY LEAD  
US INTO THE TWENTY FIRST CENTURY.

LOVE THE CHILDREN

Aug 20. 77.

Dear Father:-

Just come back  
from San Francisco and spent  
with Aunt & family and  
had a wonderful time. I  
think this will be the last  
year, it is getting harder  
for me to keep up the  
pace they go.

Arthur, Deputy, Dan and  
Richard, his sister Penny  
and Penny's girl friend  
came out from L.A. a  
few days before I left  
so they had the use of my  
apt while I was gone.

You Pearl, received  
the picture and will  
probably get used to  
it next Christmas as  
at least I hope so.

He is sending you the  
picture, I can't get over how  
narrow he looks like

George with a mustache. He  
is now a "bummer" in  
Navy and I am a friend.

The children bought their  
school clothes at the  
different Navy. I was at  
quite a savings.

I do hope you are feeling  
better. Pearl and I are  
I am in good health  
I gained a few lbs. on  
trip but am feeling good.  
We have had quite a hot  
spell but it was quite cool  
in San. Fran.

Yesterday we saw a Rally  
Dancers that would not quit.

My great children's eyes  
popped. It was a real  
Punch right club.

We spent a day in Sacramento  
at State Fair.

Kind thoughts to all. E. J. [unclear]



Apr 27 - 1920

Dear Folks:

How is everybody? We are all feeling fine. Elizabeth is her old self again and young Henry is doing fine. He is sleeping a good deal better now. I guess the food is getting regulated. He is a fine fellow and looks just exactly like Dinty Boy but he sure is proud of his new brother. He just gets him and talks to him and more is getting as he notices things now. It don't seem possible but he is over 6 weeks old. It won't be long until he is walking.

Things are going pretty good for me on my job. I am doing selling work mostly and it looks like I might land a good job out of it some of these days.

Do you ever see Don? We hear from him quite often but he don't write much news.

How are you getting along with the spring work? It won't be long till its time to plant corn with it.

it seems funny to us now to think  
about spring & winter, its always  
summer here out here. Gosh its  
seems like we have been out here  
always its been a good while at the  
about 5 years I guess.

we all went over on Hollywood  
 Blvd last night and watched the crowd  
 stroll by it is a beautiful sight - the  
 wonderful display of lights and the crowd  
 of people, in and towns time a person  
 can see every kind of people in the world.

I think maybe we will go to the beach  
 today for a swim, we haven't been away  
 for quite a while and we all are crazy about  
 the ocean. Dad where you and maybe come  
 out here for the boat we will go fishing. Louis  
 and I just to go over in a while. you sure can  
 catch some handies out there.

quias I'll ring this off, write to us  
 when ever you can and take care of yourself.  
 Love from  
 your Palip kids.

P.S. Nelson & Sister you might write to us  
 sometimes and give us the lowdown on  
 everything.

the list of things we are looking for  
 and the things we are looking for  
 the things we are looking for  
 the things we are looking for



[illegible]



I gave Mom your message and it pleased her to have you ask for her.

She isn't as well as I would like to have her she had a fainting spell yesterday for no good reason at all and it scared me pretty bad I was here alone with her and the neighbors on both sides of us were out, but she came out of it fine. I think she will go like my Dad.

George can't wear those shoes Grandpa so if you know of anyone that will be any good to measure and give them away. You call Pearl and tell her I just don't seem to be able to get down to writing but I think of her often and enjoyed her letter a lot and love her now every day, she was afraid I was mad at her for something, but for it from me. I'm not built that way. She is such a good girl, I admire her so every day and wonder where she gets the strength to do the things she does.

Dinty plays quite a few pieces on his violin now he said the other day he knew Grandpa Morris would like My old Kentucky Home and he was going to ask his teacher for Clipping up the Golden Stair because it was your favorite he is an old fashioned youngster but head strong unless handled in the right way, like George you know!

I hope your chickens are doing well, I buy eggs from an old man that comes around once a week and they were 35¢ last week but I guess they will be more right away on account of Lent.

Don is trying to get a job back there and then I guess Mom will be back, Heinz is looking at the old Home place for an Undertaking Parlor and if he pays the price they want it will be nice.

Must close now and will write you soon as

*Tommy*